

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## POETRY.

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## THE JEWS' CEMETERY.

(LIDO OF VENICE.)

## I.

A TRACT of sand swept by the salt sea-foam,  
 Fringed with acacia flowers, and billow  
 deep  
 In meadow grasses, where tall poppies sleep,  
 And bees athirst for wilding honey roam.  
 How many a bleeding heart hath found its  
 home  
 Under these hillocks which the sea-mews  
 sweep!  
 Here knelt an outcast race to curse and  
 weep,  
 Age after age, 'neath Heaven's unanswering  
 dome!  
 Sad is the place, and solemn : grave by grave,  
 Lost in the dunes, with rank weeds over-  
 grown,  
 Pines in abandonment ; as though unknown,  
 Uncared for, lay the dead, whose records pave  
 This path neglected ; each forgotten stone  
 Wept by no mourner but the moaning wave.

## II.

While thus I mused, the genius of the spot  
 Rose in my soul, rebuking me, and said :  
 You wrong these patient and heroic dead,  
 Whose trust, although He slew them, wa-  
 vered not !  
 You wrong the living ! Israel ne'er forgot  
 His forefathers, lapped in earth's narrow  
 bed ;  
 Each grave is known and named and num-  
 bered.  
 You misconceive the tranquil tragic lot  
 Of lives so fallen on sleep ! Secure of God,  
 Merged in the deathless memory of their  
 race,  
 These wait. And if your callous feet have  
 trod  
 Blank tombs that to the bare skies turn their  
 face,  
 From faith here prostrate learn to kiss the  
 rod,  
 From contrite hope here learn to sue for  
 grace.  
 Cornhill Magazine.

J. A. S.

## DU RYS DE MADAME D'ALLBRET.

How fair those locks where now the light wind  
 stirs,  
 What eyes she has, and what a perfect arm !  
 And yet methinks that little laugh of hers —  
 That little giddy laugh's her crowning charm.  
 Where'er she passes, countryside or town,  
 The streets make festa, and the fields rejoice.  
 Should sorrow come, as 'twill, to cast me  
 down,  
 Or Death, as come he must, to hush my voice,  
 Her laugh would wake me, just as now it  
 thrills me —  
 That little giddy laugh wherewith she kills me.

FREDERICK LOCKER  
 (AFTER CLEMENT MAROT).

## HE IS NOT A POET.

I WOULD not, if I could, be called a poet.  
 I have no natural love of the "chaste muse."  
 If aught be worth the doing I would do it ;  
 And others, if they will, may tell the news,  
 I care not for their 'aurels, but would choose  
 On the world's field to fight or fall or run.  
 My soul's ambition will not take excuse  
 To play the dial rather than the sun.  
 The faith I held I hold, as when a boy  
 I left my books for cricket-bat and gun.  
 The tales of poets are but scholars' themes.  
 In my hot youth I held it that a man,  
 With heart to dare and stomach to enjoy,  
 Had better work to his hand in any plan  
 Of any folly, so the thing were done,  
 Than in the noblest dreaming of mere dreams.

Sonnets of Proteus.

## VOICES OF THE SEA.

AGAIN I linger by the Langland shore,  
 And listen to the music of the sea,  
 For some familiar voice to speak to me  
 Out of the deep, sweet, sad harmonious roar ;  
 Whose murmuring cadences sound like a store  
 Of loving words, treasures of memory,  
 Once breathed into the ambient air, to be  
 Vibrated through the ages evermore.  
 The infinite tides environ us : no strain  
 That e'er awakened human smiles or tears  
 Is lost ; nor shall we call it back in vain.  
 Beside the shore, amid the eternal spheres,  
 Hark, the beloved voices once again  
 Rise from the waves and winds to soothe mine  
 ears.  
 Spectator.  
 October, 1881.

HERBERT NEW.

## ON HIS FORTUNE IN LOVING HER.

I DID not choose thee, dearest. It was Love  
 That made the choice, not I. Mine eyes were  
 blind  
 As a rude shepherd's, who to some lone grove  
 His offering brings, and cares not at what shrine  
 He bends his knee. The gifts alone were  
 mine ;  
 The rest was Love's. He took me by the  
 hand,  
 And fired the sacrifice, and poured the wine,  
 And spoke the words I might not understand.  
 I was unwise in all but the dear chance  
 Which was my fortune, and the blind desire  
 Which led my foolish steps to love's abode,  
 And youth's sublime unreasoned prescience,  
 Which raised an altar, and inscribed in fire  
 Its dedication "to the unknown god."

Sonnets of Proteus.



From The Cornhill Magazine.  
MRS. BARBAULD.

## I.

"THE first poetess I can recollect is Mrs. Barbauld, with whose works I became acquainted — before those of any other author, male or female — when I was learning to spell words of one syllable in her story-books for children." So says Hazlitt in his lectures on living poets. He goes on to call her a very pretty poetess, strewing flowers of poesy as she goes.

The writer of this little notice must needs, from the same point of view as Hazlitt, look upon Mrs. Barbauld with a special interest, having also first learnt to read out of her little yellow books, of which the syllables rise up one by one again with a remembrance of the hand patiently pointing to each in turn; all this recalled and revived after a lifetime by the sight of a rusty iron gateway, behind which Mrs. Barbauld once lived, of some old letters closely covered with a wavery writing, of a wide prospect that she once delighted to look upon. Mrs. Barbauld, who loved to share her pleasures, used to bring her friends to see the great view from the Hampstead hilltop, and thus records their impressions: —

"I dragged Mrs. A. up as I did you, my dear, to our Prospect Walk, from whence we have so extensive a view.

"Yes," said she, 'it is a very fine view indeed for a flat country.'

"While, on the other hand, Mrs. B. gave us such a dismal account of the precipices, mountains, and deserts she encountered, that you would have thought she had been on the wildest part of the Alps."

The old Hampstead highroad, starting from the plain, winds its way resolutely up the steep, and brings you past red-brick houses and walled-in gardens to this noble outlook; to the heath, with its fresh, inspiring breezes, its lovely distances of far-off waters and gorsy hollows. At whatever season, at whatever hour you come, you are pretty sure to find one or two votaries — poets such as Mrs. Barbauld, or commonplace people like her friends — watching before this great altar of nature; whether by early morning

rays, or in the blazing sunset, or when the evening veils and mists with stars come falling, while the lights of London shine far away in the valley. Years after Mrs. Barbauld wrote, one man, pre-eminent amongst poets, used to stand upon this hilltop, and lo! as Turner gazed, a whole generation gazed with him. For him Italy gleamed from behind the crimson stems of the fir-trees; the spirit of loveliest mythology floated upon the clouds, upon the many changing tints of the plains; and, as the painter watched the lights upon the distant hills, they sank into his soul, and he painted them down for us, and poured his dreams into our awakening hearts.

He was one of that race of giants, mighty men of humble heart, who have looked from Hampstead and Highgate Hills. Here Wordsworth trod; here sang Keats's nightingale; here mused Coleridge; and here came Carlyle, only yesterday, tramping wearily in search of some sign of his old companions. Here, too, stood kind Walter Scott, under the trees of the Judges' Walk, and perhaps Joanna Baillie was by his side, coming out from her pretty old house beyond the trees. Besides all these, were a whole company of lesser stars following and surrounding the brighter planets — muses, memoirs, critics, poets, nymphs, authoresses — coming to drink tea and to admire the pleasant suburban beauties of this modern Parnassus. A record of many of their names is still to be found, appropriately enough, in the catalogue of the little Hampstead library which still exists, which was founded at a time when the very hands that wrote the books may have placed the old volumes upon the shelves. Present readers can study them at their leisure, to the clanking of the horses' feet in the courtyard outside, and the splashing of buckets. A few newspapers lie on the table — stray sheets of to-day that have fluttered up the hill, bringing news of this bustling now into a past serenity. The librarian sits stitching quietly in a window. An old lady comes in to read the news; but she has forgotten her spectacles, and soon goes away. Here, instead of asking for "Endymion," or



Ouida's last novel, you instinctively mention "Plays of the Passions," Miss Burney's "Evelina," or some such novels; and Mrs. Barbauld's works are also in their place. When I asked for them, two pretty old Quaker volumes were put into my hands with shabby grey bindings, with fine paper and broad margins, such as Mr. Ruskin would approve. Of all the inhabitants of this bookshelf Mrs. Barbauld is one of the most appropriate. It is but a few minutes' walk from the library in Heath Street to the old corner house in Church Row where she lived for a time, near a hundred years ago, and all round about are the scenes of much of her life, of her friendships and interests. Here lived her friends and neighbors; here to Church Row came her pupils and admirers, and, later still, to the pretty old house on Rosslyn Hill. As for Church Row, as most people know, it is an avenue of Dutch red-faced houses, leading demurely to the old church tower, that stands guarding its graves in the flowery churchyard. As we came up the quiet place, the sweet, windy drone of the organ swelled across the blossoms of the spring, which were lighting up every shabby corner and hillside garden. Through this pleasant confusion of past and present, of spring-time scattering blossoms upon the graves, of old ivy walks and iron bars imprisoning past memories, with fragrant fumes of lilac and of elder, one could picture to oneself, as in a waking dream, two figures advancing from the corner house with the ivy walls—distinct, sedate—passing under the old doorway. I could almost see the lady, carefully dressed in many fine muslin folds and frills with hooped silk skirts, indeed, but slight and graceful in her quick advance, with blue eyes, with delicate, sharp features, and a dazzling skin. As for the gentleman, I pictured him a dapper figure, with dark eyes, dressed in black, as befitted a minister even of Dissenting views. The lady came forward, looking amused by my scrutiny, somewhat shy, I thought—was she going to speak? And by the same token it seemed to me the gentleman was about to interrupt her. But Margaret, my young companion, laughed and opened

an umbrella, or a cock crew, or some door banged, and the fleeting visions of fancy disappeared.

Many well-authenticated ghost stories describe the apparition of bygone persons, and lo! when the figure vanishes, a letter is left behind! Some such experience seemed to be mine when, on my return, I found a packet of letters on the hall table—letters not addressed to me, but to some unknown Miss Belsham, and signed and sealed by Mrs. Barbauld's hand. They had been sent for me to read by the kindness of some ladies now living at Hampstead, who afterwards showed me the portrait of the lady, who began the world as Miss Betsy Belsham and who ended her career as Mrs. Kenrick. It is an oval miniature, belonging to the times of powder and of puff, representing not a handsome, but an animated countenance, with laughter and spirit in the expression; the mouth is large, the eyes are dark, the nose is short. This was the *confidante* of Mrs. Barbauld's early days, the faithful friend of her latter sorrows. The letters, kept by "Betsy" with faithful, conscientious care for many years, give the story of a whole lifetime with unconscious fidelity. The gaiety of youth, its impatience, its exuberance, and sometimes bad taste; the wider, quieter feelings of later life; the courage of sorrowful times; long friendship deepening the tender and faithful memories of age, when there is so little left to say, so much to feel—all these things are there.

## II.

MRS. BARBAULD was a schoolmistress, and a schoolmaster's wife and daughter. Her father was Dr. John Aikin, D.D.; her mother was Miss Jane Jennings, of a good Northamptonshire family—scholastic also. Dr. Aikin brought his wife home to Knibworth, in Leicestershire, where he opened a school which became very successful in time. Mrs. Barbauld, their eldest child, was born here in 1743, and was christened Anna Lætitia, after some lady of high degree belonging to her mother's family. Two or three years later came a son. It was a quiet home,



deep hidden in the secluded rural place; and the little household lived its own tranquil life far away from the storms and battles and great events that were stirring the world. Dr. Aikin kept school; Mrs. Aikin ruled her household with capacity, and not without some sternness, according to the custom of the time. It appears that late in life the good lady was distressed by the backwardness of her grandchildren at four or five years old. "I once, indeed, knew a little girl," so wrote Mrs. Aiken of her daughter, "who was as eager to learn as her instructor could be to teach her, and who at two years old could read sentences and little stories, in her *wise* book, roundly and without spelling, and in half a year or more could read as well as most women; but I never knew such another, and I believe I never shall." It was fortunate that no great harm came of this premature forcing, although it is difficult to say what its absence might not have done for Mrs. Barbauld. One can fancy the little assiduous girl, industrious, impulsive, interested in everything—in all life and all nature—drinking in, on every side, learning, eagerly wondering, listening to all around with bright and ready wit. There is a pretty little story told by Mrs. Ellis in her book about Mrs. Barbauld, how one day, when Dr. Aikin and a friend "were conversing on the passions," the doctor observes that joy cannot have place in a state of perfect felicity, since it supposes an accession of happiness.

"I think you are mistaken, papa," says a little voice from the opposite side of the table.

"Why so, my child?" says the doctor.

"Because in the chapter I read to you this morning, in the Testament, it is said that 'there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.'"

Besides her English Testament and her early reading, the little girl was taught by her mother to do as little daughters did in those days, to obey a somewhat austere rule, to drop curtsies in the right place, to make beds, to preserve fruits.

The father, after demur, but surely not without some paternal pride in her proficiency, taught the child Latin and French and Italian, and something of Greek, and gave her an acquaintance with English literature. One can imagine little Nancy with her fair head bending over her lessons, or, when playing time had come, perhaps a little lonely and listening to the distant voices of the schoolboys at their games. The mother, fearing she might acquire rough and boisterous manners, strictly forbade any communication with the schoolboys. Sometimes in after days, speaking of these early times and of the constraint of many bygone rules and regulations, Mrs. Barbauld used to attribute to this early formal training something of the hesitation and shyness which troubled her and never entirely wore off. She does not seem to have been in any great harmony with her mother. One could imagine a fanciful and high-spirited child, timid and dutiful, and yet strong-willed, secretly rebelling against the rigid order of her home, and feeling lonely for want of liberty and companionship. It was true she had birds and beasts and plants for her playfellows, but she was of a gregarious and sociable nature, and perhaps she was unconsciously longing for something more, and feeling a want in her early life which no silent company can supply.

She was about fifteen when a great event took place. Her father was appointed classical tutor to the Warrington Academy, and thither the little family removed. We read that the Warrington Academy was a Dissenting college started by very eminent and periwigged personages, whose silhouettes Mrs. Barbauld herself afterwards cut out in sticking-plaster, and whose names are to this day remembered and held in just esteem. They were people of simple living and high thinking, they belonged to a class holding then a higher place than now in the world's esteem, that of Dissenting ministers. The Dissenting ministers were fairly well paid and faithfully followed by their congregations. The college was started under the auspices of



distinguished members of the community, Lord Willoughby of Parham, the last Presbyterian lord, being patron. Among the masters were to be found the well-known names of Dr. Doddridge; of Gilbert Wakefield, the reformer and uncompromising martyr; of Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, the Hebrew scholar; of Dr. Priestley, the chemical analyst and patriot, and enterprising theologian, who left England and settled in America for conscience and liberty's sake.

Many other people, neither students nor professors, used to come to Warrington, and chief among them was in later years good John Howard with MSS. for his friend Dr. Aikin to correct for the press. Now for the first time Mrs. Barbauld (Miss Aikin she was then) saw something of real life, of men and manners. It was not likely that she looked back with any lingering regret to Knibworth, or would have willingly returned thither. A story in one of her memoirs gives an amusing picture of the manners of a young country lady of that day. Mr. Haines, a rich farmer from Knibworth, who had been greatly struck by Miss Aikin, followed her to Warrington, and "obtained a private audience of her father and begged his consent to be allowed to make her his wife." The father answered "that his daughter was there walking in the garden, and he might go and ask her himself." "With what grace the farmer pleaded his cause I know not," says her biographer and niece. "Out of all patience at his unwelcome importunities, my aunt ran nimbly up a tree which grew by the garden wall, and let herself down into the lane beyond."

The next few years must have been perhaps the happiest of Mrs. Barbauld's life. Once when it was nearly over she said to her niece, Mrs. Le Breton, from whose interesting account of her aunt I have been quoting, that she had never been placed in a situation which really suited her. As one reads her sketches and poems, one is struck by some sense of this detracting influence of which she complains: there is a certain incompleteness and slightness which speaks of intermittent work, of interrupted trains of thought. At the same time there is a natural buoyant quality in much of her writing which seems like a pleasant landscape view through the bars of a window. There may be wider prospects, but her eyes are bright, and this peep of nature is undoubtedly delightful.

### III.

THE letters to Miss Belsham begin somewhere about 1768. The young lady has been paying a visit to Miss Aikin at Warrington, and is interested in every one and everything belonging to the place. Miss Aikin is no less eager to describe than Miss Belsham to listen, and accordingly a whole stream of characters and details of gossip and descriptions in faded ink come flowing across their pages, together with many expressions of affection and interest. "My dear Betsy, I love you for discarding the word miss from your vocabulary," so the packet begins, and it continues in the same strain of pleasant girlish chatter, alternating with the history of many bygone festivities, and stories of friends, neighbors, of beaux and partners; of the latter genus, and Miss Aikin's efforts to make herself agreeable, here is a sample: "I talked to him, smiled upon him, gave him my fan to play with," says the lively young lady. "Nothing would do; he was grave as a philosopher. I tried to raise a conversation: 'Twas fine weather for dancing.' He agreed to my observation. 'We had a tolerable set this time.' Neither did he contradict that. Then we were both silent—stupid mortal, thought I! but unreasonable as he appeared to the advances that I made him, there was one object in the room, a sparkling object which seemed to attract all his attention, on which he seemed to gaze with transport, and which indeed he hardly took his eyes off the whole time. . . . The object that I mean was his shoe-buckle."

One could imagine Miss Elizabeth Bennett writing in some such strain to her friend Miss Charlotte Lucas after one of the evenings at Bingley's hospitable mansion. And yet Miss Aikin is more impulsive, more romantic, than Elizabeth. "Wherever you are, fly, letter, on the wings of the wind," she cries, "and tell my dear Betsy what?—only that I love her dearly."

Miss Nancy Aikin (she seems to have been Nancy in these letters, and to have assumed the more dignified Lætitia upon her marriage) pours out her lively heart, laughs, jokes, interests herself in the sentimental affairs of the whole neighborhood as well as in her own. Perhaps few young ladies nowadays would write to their confidantes with the announcement that for some time past a young sprig had been teasing them to have him. This, however,



is among Miss Nancy's confidences. She also writes poems and *jeux d'esprit*, and receives poetry in return from Betsy, who calls herself Camilla, and pays her friend many compliments, for Miss Aikin in her reply quotes the well-known lines: —

Who for another's brow entwines the bays,  
And where she well might rival stoops to  
praise.

Miss Aikin by this time has attained to all the dignity of a full-blown authoress, and is publishing a successful book of poems in conjunction with her brother, which little book created much attention at the time. One day the Muse thus apostrophizes Betsy: "Shall we ever see her amongst us again?" says my sister (Mrs. Aikin). My brother (saucy fellow) says, "I want to see this girl, I think (stroking his chin as he walks backwards and forwards in the room with great gravity). I think we should admire one another."

"When you come among us," continues the warm-hearted friend, "we shall set the bells a-ringing, bid adieu to care and gravity, and sing 'O be joyful.'" And finally, after some apologies for her remiss correspondence, "I left my brother writing to you instead of Patty, poor soul. Well, it is a clever thing too, to have a husband to write one's letters for one. If I had one I would be a much better correspondent to you. I would order him to write every week."

And, indeed, Mrs. Barbauld was as good as her word, and did not forget the resolutions made by Miss Aikin in 1773. In 1774 comes some eventful news: "I should have written to you sooner had it not been for the uncertainty and suspense in which for a long time I have been involved; and since my lot has been fixed for many busy engagements which have left me few moments of leisure. They hurry me out of my life. It is hardly a month that I have certainly known I should fix on Norfolk, and now next Thursday they say I am to be finally, irrevocably married. Pity me, dear Betsy; for on the day I fancy when you will read this letter, will the event take place which is to make so great an era in my life. I feel depressed, and my courage almost fails me. Yet upon the whole I have the greatest reason to think I shall be happy. I shall possess the entire affection of a worthy man, whom my father and mother now entirely and heartily approve. The people where we are going, though strangers, have behaved with the greatest zeal and

affection; and I think we have a fair prospect of being useful and living comfortably in that state of middling life to which I have been accustomed, and which I love."

And then comes a word which must interest all who have ever cared and felt grateful admiration for the works of one devoted human being and true Christian hero. It is of good John Howard that she says with an almost audible sigh. "It was too late, as you say, or I believe I should have been in love with Mr. Howard. Seriously, I looked upon him with that sort of reverence and love which one should have for a guardian angel. God bless him and preserve his health for the health's sake of thousands. And now farewell," she writes in conclusion: "I shall write to you no more under this name; but under any name, in every situation, at any distance of time or place, I shall love you equally and be always affectionately yours, tho' not always, A. AIKIN."

Poor lady! The future held, indeed, many a sad and unsuspected hour for her, many a cruel pang, many a dark and heavy season, that must have seemed intolerably weary to one of her sprightly and yet somewhat indolent nature, more easily accepting evil than devising escape from it. But it also held many blessings of constancy, friendship, kindly deeds and useful doings. She had not devotion to give such as that of the good Howard whom she revered, but the equable help and sympathy for others of an open-minded and kindly woman was hers. Her marriage would seem to have been brought about by a romantic fancy rather than by a tender affection. Mr. Barbauld's mind had been once unhinged; his protestations were passionate and somewhat dramatic. We are told that when she was warned by a friend, she only said, "But surely, if I throw him over, he will become crazy again;" and from a high-minded sense of pity, she was faithful, and married him against the wish of her brother and parents, and not without some misgivings herself. He was a man perfectly sincere and honorable; but from his nervous want of equilibrium, subject all his life to frantic outbursts of ill-temper. Nobody ever knew what his wife had to endure in secret; her calm and restrained manner must have effectually hidden the constant anxiety of her life; nor had she children to warm her heart, and brighten up her monoto-



nous existence. Little Charles, of the reading-book, who is bid to come hither, who counted so nicely, who stroked the pussy-cat, and who deserved to listen to the delightful stories he was told, was not her own son, but her brother's child. When he was born she wrote to entreat that he might be given over to her for her own, imploring her brother to spare him to her, in a pretty and pathetic letter. This was a mother yearning for a child, not a schoolmistress asking for a pupil, though perhaps in after times the two were somewhat combined in her. There is a pretty little description of Charles making great progress in "climbing trees and talking nonsense:" "I have the honor to tell you that our Charles is the sweetest boy in the world. He is perfectly naturalized in his new situation; and if I should make any blunders in my letter, I must beg you to impute it to his standing by me and chattering all the time." And how pleasant a record exists of Charles's chatter in that most charming little book written for him and for the babies of babies to come! There is a sweet, instructive grace in it and appreciation of childhood which cannot fail to strike those who have to do with children and with Mrs. Barbauld's books for them: children themselves, those best critics of all, delight in it.

"Where's Charles?" says a little scholar every morning to the writer of these few notes.

#### IV.

Soon after the marriage, there had been some thought of a college for young ladies, of which Mrs. Barbauld was to be the principal; but she shrank from the idea, and in a letter to Mrs. Montagu she objects to the scheme of higher education for women away from their natural homes. "I should have little hope of cultivating a love of knowledge in a young lady of fifteen who came to me ignorant and uncultivated. It is too late then to begin to learn. The empire of the passions is coming on. Those attachments begin to be formed which influence the happiness of future life. The care of a mother alone can give suitable attention to this important period." It is true that the rigidity of her own home had not prevented her from making a hasty and unsuitable marriage: But it is not this which is weighing on her mind. "Perhaps you may think," she says, "that having myself stepped out of the bounds of female reserve in becoming an author, it

is with an ill grace that I offer these statements."

Her arguments seem to have been thought conclusive in those days, and the young ladies' college was finally transmuted into a school for little boys at Palgrave, in Norfolk, and thither the worthy couple transported themselves.

One of the letters to Miss Belsham is thus dated: "*The 14th of July, in the village of Palgrave (the pleasantest village in all England), at ten o'clock, all alone in my great parlor, Mr. Barbauld being studying a sermon, do I begin a letter to my dear Betsy.*"

When she first married, and travelled into Norfolk to keep school at Palgrave, nothing could have seemed more tranquil, more contented, more matter-of-fact than her life as it appears from her letters. Dreams, and fancies, and gay illusions and excitements have made way for the somewhat disappointing realization of Mr. Barbauld, with his neatly-turned and friendly postscripts—a husband, polite, devoted, it is true, but somewhat disappointing all the same. The next few years seem like years in a hive—storing honey for the future, and putting away—industrious, punctual, monotonous. There are children's lessons to be heard, and school treats to be devised. She sets them to act plays, and cuts out paper collars for Henry IV.; she takes a class of babies entirely her own. (One of these babies, who always loved her, became Lord Chancellor Denman; most of the others took less brilliant, but equally respectable places, in after life.) She has also household matters and correspondence not to be neglected. In the holidays, they make excursions to Norwich, to London, and revisit their old haunts at Warrington. In one of her early letters, written soon after her marriage, she describes her return to Warrington.

"Dr. Enfield's face," she declares, "is grown half a foot longer since I saw him, with studying mathematics, and for want of a game of romps; for there are positively none now at Warrington but grave matrons. I, who have but half assumed the character, was ashamed of the levity of my behavior."

It says well indeed for the natural brightness of the lady's disposition that, with sixteen boarders and a satisfactory usher to look after, she should be prepared for a game of romps with Dr. Enfield.

On another occasion, in 1777, she takes little Charles away with her. "He has



indeed been an excellent traveller," she says; "and though, like his great ancestor, some natural tears he shed, like him, too, he wiped them soon. He had a long, sound sleep last night, and has been very busy to-day hunting the puss and the chickens. And now, my dear brother and sister, let me again thank you for this precious gift, the value of which we are both more and more sensible of as we become better acquainted with his sweet disposition and winning manners."

She winds up this letter with a postscript:—

"Everybody here asks, 'Pray, is Dr. Dodd really to be executed?' as if we knew the more for having been at Warrington."

Dr. Aikin, Mrs. Barbauld's brother, the father of little Charles and of Lucy Aikin, whose name is well known in literature, was himself a man of great parts, industry, and ability, working hard to support his family. He alternated between medicine and literature all his life. When his health failed, he gave up medicine, and settled at Stoke Newington, and busied himself with periodic literature; meanwhile, whatever his own pursuits may have been, he never ceased to take an interest in his sister's work, and to encourage her in every way.

It is noteworthy that few of Mrs. Barbauld's earlier productions equalled what she wrote at the very end of her life. She seems to have been one of those who ripen with age, growing wider in spirit with increasing years. Perhaps, too, she may have been influenced by the change of manners, the reaction against formalism, which was growing up as her own days were ending. Prim she may have been in manner, but she was not a formalist by nature; and even at eighty was ready to learn to submit to accept the new gospel that Wordsworth and his disciples had given to the world, and to shake off the stiffness of early training.

It is idle to speculate on what might have been if things had happened otherwise; if the daily stress of anxiety and perplexity which haunted her home had been removed—difficulties and anxieties which may well have absorbed all the spare energy and interest that under happier circumstances might have added to the treasury of English literature. But if it were only for one ode written when the distracting cares of over seventy years were ending, when nothing remained to her but the essence of a long past, and the inspiration of a still glowing, still

hopeful and most tender spirit, if it were only for the ode called "Life," which has brought a sense of ease and comfort to so many, Mrs. Barbauld has indeed deserved well of her country-people and should be held in remembrance by them.

Her literary works are, after all, not very voluminous. She is best known by her hymns for children and her early lessons, than which nothing more childlike has ever been devised; and we can agree with her brother, Dr. Aikin, when he says that it requires true genius to enter so completely into a child's mind.

After their first volume of verse, the brother and sister had published a second, in prose, called "Miscellaneous Pieces," about which there is an amusing little anecdote in Rogers's "Memoirs." Fox met Dr. Aikin at dinner.

"I am greatly pleased with your 'Miscellaneous Pieces,'" said Fox. Aikin bowed. "I particularly admire," continued Fox, "your essay 'Against Inconsistency in our Expectations.'"

"That," replied Aikin, "is my sister's."

"I like much," returned Fox, "your essay 'On Monastic Institutions.'"

"That," answered Aikin, "is also my sister's."

"Fox thought it best to say no more about the book."

These essays were followed by various of the visions and Eastern pieces then so much in vogue; also by political verses and pamphlets, which seemed to have made a great sensation at the time. But Mrs. Barbauld's turn was on the whole more for domestic than for literary life, although literary people always seem to have had a great interest for her.

During one Christmas which they spend in London, the worthy couple go to see Mrs. Siddons; and Mrs. Chapone introduces Mrs. Barbauld to Miss Burney. "A very unaffected, modest, sweet, and pleasing young lady," says Mrs. Barbauld, who is always kind in her descriptions. Mrs. Barbauld's one complaint in London is of the fatigue from hairdressers, and the bewildering hurry of the great city, where she had, notwithstanding her quiet country life, many ties and friendships and acquaintances. Her poem on "Corsica" had brought her into some relations with Boswell; she also knew Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson. Here is her description of the "Great Bear":—

"I do not mean that one which shines in the sky over your head; but the bear that shines in London—a great, rough, surly animal. His Christian name is Dr.



Johnson. 'Tis a singular creature; but if you stroke him he will not bite, and though he growls sometimes he is not ill-humored."

Johnson describes Mrs. Barbauld as suckling fools and chronicling small beer. There was not much sympathy between the two. Characters such as Johnson's harmonize best with the enthusiastic and easily influenced. Mrs. Barbauld did not belong to this class; she trusted to her own judgment, rarely tried to influence others, and took a matter-of-fact rather than a passionate view of life. She is as severe to him in her criticism as he was in his judgment of her: they neither of them did the other justice. "A Christian and a man-about-town, a philosopher, and a bigot acknowledging life to be miserable, and making it more miserable through fear of death." So she writes of him, and all this was true; but how much more was also true of the great and hypochondriacal old man! Some years afterwards, when she had been reading "Boswell's long-expected 'Life of Johnson,'" she wrote of the book: "It is like going to Ranelagh; you meet all your acquaintances; but it is a base and mean thing to bring thus every idle word into judgment." In our own day we too have our Boswell and our Johnson to arouse discussion and indignation.

"Have you seen Boswell's 'Life of Johnson'? He calls it a Flemish portrait, and so it is — two quartos of a man's conversation and petty habits. Then the treachery and meanness of watching a man for years in order to set down every unguarded and idle word he uttered, is inconceivable. Yet with all this one cannot help reading a good deal of it." This is addressed to the faithful Betsy, who was also keeping school by that time, and assuming brevet rank in consequence.

Mrs. Barbauld might well complain of the fatigue from hairdressers in London. In one of her letters to her friend she thus describes a lady's dress of the period:—

"Do you know how to dress yourself in Dublin? If you do not, I will tell you. Your waist must be the circumference of two oranges, no more. You must erect a structure on your head gradually ascending to a foot high, exclusive of feathers, and stretching to a penthouse of most horrible projection behind, the breadth from wing to wing considerably broader than your shoulder, and as many different things in your cap as in Noah's ark. Verily, I never did see such monsters as

the heads now in vogue. I am a monster, too, but a moderate one."

She must have been glad to get back to her home, to her daily work, to Charles, climbing his trees and talking his nonsense.

In the winter of 1784 her mother died at Palgrave. It was Christmas week; the old lady had come travelling four days through the snow in a postchaise with her maid and her little grandchildren, while her son rode on horseback. But the cold and the fatigue of the journey, and the discomfort of the inns, proved too much for Mrs. Aikin, who reached her daughter's house only to die. Just that time three years before Mrs. Barbauld had lost her father, whom she dearly loved. There is a striking letter from the widowed mother to her daughter recording the event. It is almost Spartan in its calmness, but nevertheless deeply touching. Now she, too, was at rest, and after Mrs. Aikin's death a cloud of sadness and depression seems to have fallen upon the household. Mr. Barbauld was ailing; he was suffering from a nervous irritability which occasionally quite unfitted him for his work as a schoolmaster. Already his wife must have had many things to bear, and very much to try her courage and cheerfulness; and now her health was also failing. It was in 1775 that they gave up the academy, which, on the whole, had greatly flourished. It had been established eleven years; they were both of them in need of rest and change. Nevertheless, it was not without reluctance that they brought themselves to leave their home at Palgrave. A successor was found only too quickly for Mrs. Barbauld's wishes; they handed over their pupils to his care, and went abroad for a year's sunshine and distraction.

#### V.

WHAT a contrast to prim, starched, scholastic life at Palgrave must have been the smiling world, and the land flowing with oil and wine, in which they found themselves basking! The vintage was so abundant that year that the country people could not find vessels to contain it. "The roads covered with teams of casks, empty or full according as they were going out or returning, and drawn by oxen whose strong necks seemed to be bowed unwillingly under the yoke. Men, women, and children were abroad; some cutting with a short sickle the bunches of grapes, some breaking them with a wooden instrument, some carrying them on their



backs from the gatherers to those who pressed the juice; and, as in our harvest, the gleaners followed."

From the vintage they travelled to the Alps, "a sight so majestic, so totally different from anything I had seen before, that I am ready to sing *nunc dimittis*," she writes. They travel back by the south of France and reach Paris in June, where the case of the diamond necklace is being tried. Then they return to England, waiting a day at Boulogne for a vessel, but crossing from thence in less than four hours. How pretty is her description of England as it strikes them after their absence! "And not without pleasing emotion did we view again the green swelling hills covered with large sheep, and the winding road bordered with the hawthorn hedge, and the English vine twirled round the tall poles, and the broad Medway covered with vessels, and at last the gentle yet majestic Thames."

There were Dissenters at Hampstead in those days, as there are still, and it was a call from a little Unitarian congregation on the hillside who invited Mr. Barbauld to become their minister, which decided the worthy couple to retire to this pleasant suburb. The place seemed promising enough; they were within reach of Mrs. Barbauld's brother, Dr. Aikin, now settled in London, and to whom she was tenderly attached. There were congenial people settled all about. On the high hilltop were pleasant old houses to live in. There was occupation for him and literary interest for her.

They are a sociable and friendly pair, hospitable, glad to welcome their friends, and the acquaintance, and critics, and the former pupils who come toiling up the hill to visit them. Rogers comes to dinner "at half after three." They have another poet for a neighbor, Miss Joanna Baillie; they are made welcome by all, and in their turn make others welcome, they do acts of social charity and kindness wherever they see the occasion. They have a young Spanish gentleman to board who conceals a taste for "seguars." They also go up to town from time to time. On one occasion Mr. Barbauld repairs to London to choose a wedding present for Miss Belsham, who is about to be married to Mr. Kenrick, a widower with daughters. He chose two black, curly-nosed pots of some late classic model, which still stand, after many dangers, safely on either side of Mrs. Kenrick's portrait in Miss Reed's drawing-room at Hampstead. Wedgwood must

have been a personal friend of theirs: he has modelled a lovely head of Mrs. Barbauld, simple and nymph-like.

Hampstead was no further from London in those days than it is now, and they seem to have kept up a constant communication with their friends and relations in the great city. They go to the play occasionally. "I have not indeed seen Mrs. Siddons often, but I think I never saw her to more advantage," she writes. "It is not, however, seeing a play, it is only seeing one character, for they have nobody to act with her."

Another expedition is to Westminster Hall, where Warren Hastings was then being tried for his life.

"The trial has attracted the notice of most people who are within reach of it. I have been, and was very much struck with all the apparatus and pomp of justice, with the splendor of the assembly which contained everything distinguished in the nation, with the grand idea that the equity of the English was to pursue crimes committed at the other side of the globe, and oppressions exercised towards the poor Indians who had come to plead their cause; but all these fine ideas vanish and fade away as one observes the progress of the cause, and sees it fall into the summer amusements, and take the place of a rehearsal of music or an evening at Vauxhall."

Mrs. Barbauld was a Liberal in feeling and conviction; she was never afraid to speak her mind, and when the French Revolution first began, she, in common with many others, hoped that it was but the dawning of happier times. She was always keen about public events; she wrote an address on the opposition to the repeal of the Test Act in 1791, and she published her poem to Wilberforce on the rejection of his great bill for abolishing slavery:—

Friends of the friendless, hail, ye generous band,

she cries in warm enthusiasm for his devoted cause.

Horace Walpole nicknamed her Deborah, called her the virago Barbauld, and speaks of her with utter rudeness and intolerant spite. But whether or not Horace Walpole approved, it is certain that Mrs. Barbauld possessed to a full and generous degree a quality which is now less common than it was in her day.

Not very many years ago I was struck on one occasion when a noble old lady, now gone to her rest, exclaimed in my hear-



ing that people of this generation had all sorts of merits and charitable intentions, but that there was one thing she missed which had certainly existed in her youth, and which no longer seemed to be of the same account: that public spirit which used to animate the young as well as the old.

It is possible that philanthropy, and the love of the beautiful, and the gratuitous diffusion of wall-papers may be the modern rendering of the good old-fashioned sentiment. Mrs. Barbauld lived in very stirring days, when private people shared in the excitements and catastrophes of public affairs. To her the fortunes of England, its loyalty, its success, were a part of her daily bread. By her early associations she belonged to a party representing opposition, and for that very reason she was the more keenly struck by the differences of the conduct of affairs and the opinions of those she trusted. Her friend Dr. Priestley had emigrated to America for his convictions' sake; Howard was giving his noble life for his work; Wakefield had gone to prison. Now the very questions are forgotten for which they struggled and suffered, or the answers have come while the questions are forgotten, in this future which is our present, and to which some unborn historian may point with a moral finger.

Dr. Aikin, whose estimate of his sister was very different from Horace Walpole's, occasionally reproached her for not writing more constantly. He wrote a copy of verses on this theme:—

Thus speaks the Muse, and bends her brows severe:

Did I, Lætitia, lend my choicest lays,  
And crown thy youthful head with freshest bays,

That all the expectance of thy full grown year,  
Should lie inert and fruitless? O reverse  
Those sacred gifts whose meed is deathless praise,

Whose potent charm the enraptured soul can raise

Far from the vapors of this earthly sphere,  
Seize, seize the lyre, resume the lofty strain.

She seems to have willingly left the lyre for Dr. Aikin's use. A few hymns, some graceful odes, and stanzas, and *jeux d'esprit*, a certain number of well-written and original essays, and several political pamphlets, represent the best of her work. Her more ambitious poems are those by which she is the least remembered. It was at Hampstead that Mrs. Barbauld wrote her contributions to her brother's volume of "Evenings at Home,"

among which the transmigrations of Indur may be quoted as a model of style and delightful matter. One of the best of her *jeux d'esprit* is "The Groans of the Tankard," which was written in early days, with much spirit and real humor. It begins with a Virgil-like incantation, and goes on:—

'Twas at the solemn, silent noontide hour  
When hunger rages with despotic power,  
When the lean student quits his Hebrew roots  
For the gross nourishment of English fruits,  
And throws unfinished airy systems by  
For solid pudding and substantial pie.

The tankard now,

replenished to the brink,  
With the cool beverage blue-eyed maidens drink,

but accustomed to very different libations, is endowed with voice and utters its bitter reproaches:—

Unblest the day, and luckless was the hour  
Which doomed me to a Presbyterian's power,  
Fated to serve a Puritanic race,  
Whose slender meal is shorter than their grace.

#### VI.

THUMBKIN, of fairy celebrity, used to mark his way by flinging crumbs of bread and scattering stones as he went along; and in like manner authors trace the course of their life's peregrinations by the pamphlets and articles they cast down as they go. Sometimes they throw stones, sometimes they throw bread. In '92 and '93 Mrs. Barbauld must have been occupied with party polemics and with the political miseries of the time. A pamphlet on Gilbert Wakefield's views, and another on "Sins of the Government and Sins of the People," show in what direction her thoughts were bent. Then came a period of comparative calm again and of literary work and interest. She seems to have turned to Akenside and Collins, and each had an essay to himself. These were followed by certain selections from "The Spectator," "Tatler," etc., preceded by one of those admirable essays for which she is really remarkable. She also published a memoir of Richardson prefixed to his correspondence. Sir James Mackintosh, writing at a later and sadder time of her life, says of her observations on the moral of *Clarissa* that they are as fine a piece of mitigated and rational stoicism as our language can boast of.

In 1802 another congregation seems to have made signs from Stoke Newington, and Mrs. Barbauld persuaded her hus-



band to leave his flock at Hampstead and to buy a house near her brother's at Stoke Newington. This was her last migration, and here she remained until her death in 1825. One of her letters to Mrs. Kenrick gives a description of what might have been a happy home: "We have a pretty little back parlor that looks into our little spot of a garden," she says, "and catches every gleam of sunshine. We have pulled down the ivy, except what covers the coach-house. We have planted a vine and a passion-flower, with abundance of jessamine against the window, and we have scattered roses and honeysuckle all over the garden. You may smile at me for parading so over my house and domains." In May she writes a pleasant letter, in good spirits, comparing her correspondence with her friend to the flower of an aloe, which sleeps for a hundred years, and on a sudden pushes out when least expected. "But take notice, the life is in the aloe all the while, and sorry should I be if the life were not in our friendship all the while, though it so rarely diffuses itself over a sheet of paper."

She seems to have been no less sociable and friendly at Stoke Newington than at Hampstead. People used to come up to see her from London. Her letters, quiet and intimate as they are, give glimpses of most of the literary people of the day, of the memoirs that were then alive and drinking tea at one another's houses, or walking all the way to Stoke Newington to pay their respects to the old lady.

Charles Lamb used to talk of his two *bald* authoresses, Mrs. Barbauld being one and Mrs. Inchbald being the other. Crabb Robinson and Rogers were two faithful links with the outer world. "Crabb Robinson corresponds with Madame de Staël, is quite intimate," she writes, "has received I don't know how many letters," she adds, not without some slight amusement. Miss Lucy Aikin tells a pretty story of Scott meeting Mrs. Barbauld at dinner, and telling her that it was to her that he owed his poetic gift. Some translations of Bürger by Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, which she had read out at Edinburgh, had struck him so much that they had determined him to try his own powers in that line.

She often had inmates under her roof. One of them was a beautiful and charming young girl, the daughter of Mrs. Fletcher, of Edinburgh, whose early death is recorded in her mother's life. Besides

company at home, Mrs. Barbauld went to visit her friends from time to time—the Estlins at Bristol, the Edgeworths, whose acquaintance Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld made about this time, and who seem to have been invaluable friends, bringing as they did a bright new element of interest and cheerful friendship into her sad and dimming life. A man must have extraordinarily good spirits to embark upon four matrimonial ventures as Mr. Edgeworth did, and as for Miss Edgeworth, grateful, effusive, and warm-hearted, she seems to have more than returned Mrs. Barbauld's sympathy.

Miss Lucy Aikin, Dr. Aikin's daughter, was now also making her own mark in the literary world, and had inherited the bright intelligence and interest for which her family was so remarkable. Much of Miss Aikin's work is more sustained than her aunt's desultory productions, but it lacks that touch of nature which has preserved Mrs. Barbauld's memory where more important people are forgotten.

Our authoress seems to have had a natural affection for sister authoresses. Hannah More and Mrs. Montagu were both her friends, so were Madame d'Arblay and Mrs. Chapone in a different degree; she must have known Mrs. Opie; she loved Joanna Baillie. The latter is described by her as the young lady at Hampstead who came to Mr. Barbauld's meeting with as demure a face as if she had never written a line. And Miss Aikin, in her memoirs, describes in Johnsonian language how the two Miss Baillies came to call one morning upon Mrs. Barbauld: "My aunt immediately introduced the topic of the anonymous tragedies, and gave utterance to her admiration with the generous delight in the manifestation of kindred genius which distinguished her." But it seems that Miss Baillie sat, nothing moved, and did not betray herself. Mrs. Barbauld herself gives a pretty description of the sisters in their home, in that old house on Windmill Hill, which stands untouched, with its green windows looking out upon so much of sky and heath and sun, with the wainscoted parlors where Walter Scott used to come, and the low wooden staircase leading to the old rooms above. It is in one of her letters to Mrs. Kenrick that Mrs. Barbauld gives a pleasant glimpse of the poetess Walter Scott admired. "I have not been abroad since I was at Norwich, except a day or two at Hampstead with the Miss Baillies. One should be, as I was, beneath their roof to know all their



merit. Their house is one of the best ordered I know. They have all manner of attentions for their friends, and not only Miss B., but Joanna, is as clever in furnishing a room or in arranging a party as in writing plays, of which, by the way, she has a volume ready for the press, but she will not give it to the public till next winter. The subject is to be the passion of fear. I do not know what sort of a hero that passion can afford!" Fear was, indeed, a passion alien to her nature, and she did not know the meaning of the word.

Mrs. Barbauld's description of Hannah More and her sisters living on their special hilltop was written after Mr. Barbauld's death, and thirty years after Miss More's verses which are quoted by Mrs. Ellis in her excellent memoir of Mrs. Barbauld:—

Nor, Barbauld, shall my glowing heart refuse  
A tribute to thy virtues or thy muse;  
This humble merit shall at least be mine,  
The poet's chaplet for thy brows to twine;  
My verse thy talents to the world shall teach,  
And praise the graces it despairs to reach.

Then after philosophically questioning the power of genius to confer true happiness, she concludes:—

Can all the boasted powers of wit and song  
Of life one pang remove, one hour prolong?  
Fallacious hope which daily truths deride—  
For you, alas! have wept and Garrick died.

Meanwhile, whatever genius might not be able to achieve, the five Miss Mores had been living on peacefully together in the very comfortable cottage which had been raised and thatched by the poetess's earnings.

"Barley Wood is equally the seat of taste and hospitality," says Mrs. Barbauld to one friend.

"Nothing could be more friendly than their reception," she writes to her brother, "and nothing more charming than their situation. An extensive view over the Mendip Hills is in front of their house, with a pretty view of Wrington. Their home—cottage, because it is thatched—stands on the declivity of a rising ground, which they have planted and made quite a little paradise. The five sisters, all good old maids, have lived together these fifty years. Hannah More is a good deal broken, but possesses fully her powers of conversation, and her vivacity. We exchanged riddles like the wise men of old; I was given to understand she was writing something."

There is another allusion to Mrs. Hannah More in a sensible letter from Mrs.

Barbauld, written to Miss Edgeworth about this time, declining to join in an alarming enterprise suggested by the vivacious Mr. Edgeworth, "a *Feminiad*, a literary paper to be entirely contributed to by ladies, and where all articles are to be accepted." "There is no bond of union," Mrs. Barbauld says, "among literary women any more than among literary men; different sentiments and connections separate them much more than the joint interest of their sex would unite them. Mrs. Hannah More would not write along with you or me, and we should possibly hesitate at joining Miss Hays or—if she were living—Mrs. Godwin." Then she suggests the names of Miss Baillie, Mrs. Opie, her niece Miss Lucy Aikin, and Mr. S. Rogers, who would not, she thinks, be averse to joining the scheme.

#### VII.

How strangely unnatural it seems when Fate's heavy hand falls upon quiet and commonplace lives, changing the tranquil routine of every day into the solemnities and excitements of terror and tragedy! It was after their removal to Stoke Newington that the saddest of all blows fell upon this true-hearted woman. Her husband's hypochondria deepened and changed, and the attacks became so serious that her brother and his family urged her anxiously to leave him to other care than her own. It was no longer safe for poor Mr. Barbauld to remain alone with his wife, and her life, says Mrs. Le Breton, was more than once in peril. But, at first, she would not hear of leaving him; although on more than one occasion she had to fly for protection to her brother close by.

There is something very touching in the patient fidelity with which Mrs. Barbauld tried to soothe the later sad disastrous years of her husband's life. She must have been a woman of singular nerve and courage to endure as she did the excitement and cruel aberrations of her once gentle and devoted companion. She only gave in after long resistance.

"An alienation from me has taken possession of his mind," she says, in a letter to Mrs. Kenrick; "my presence seems to irritate him, and I must resign myself to a separation from him who has been for thirty years the partner of my heart, my faithful friend, my inseparable companion." With her habitual reticence, she dwells no more on that painful topic, but goes on to make plans for them both, asks



her old friend to come and cheer her in her loneliness, and the faithful Betsy, now a widow with grown-up step-children, ill herself, troubled by deafness and other infirmities, responds with a warm heart, and promises to come, bringing the comfort with her of old companionship and familiar sympathy. There is something very affecting in the loyalty of the two aged women stretching out their hands to each other across a whole lifetime. After her visit Mrs. Barbauld writes again:—

"He is now at Norwich, and I hear very favorable accounts of his health and spirits; he seems to enjoy himself very much amongst his old friends there, and converses among them with his usual animation. There are no symptoms of violence or of depression; so far is favorable: but this cruel alienation from me, in which my brother is included, still remains deep-rooted, and whether he will ever change in this point Heaven only knows. The medical men fear he will not; if so, my dear friend, what remains for me but to resign myself to the will of Heaven, and to think with pleasure that every day brings me nearer a period which naturally cannot be very far off, and at which this as well as every temporal affliction must terminate?"

"Anything but this!" is the cry of weak mortals when afflicted; and sometimes I own I am inclined to make it mine; but I will check myself."

But while she was hoping still, a fresh outbreak of the malady occurred. He, poor soul, weary of his existence, put an end to his sufferings: he was found lifeless in the New River. Lucy Aikin quotes a dirge found among her aunt's papers after her death:—

Pure spirit, O where art thou now?  
O whisper to my soul,  
O let some soothing thought of thee  
This bitter grief control.

'Tis not for thee the tears I shed,  
Thy sufferings now are o'er.  
The sea is calm, the tempest past,  
On that eternal shore.

No more the storms that wrecked thy peace  
Shall tear that gentle breast,  
Nor summer's rage, nor winter's cold,  
That poor, poor frame molest.

Farewell! With honor, peace, and love,  
Be that dear memory blest.  
Thou hast no tears for me to shed,  
When I too am at rest.

But her time of rest was not yet come, and

she lived for seventeen years after her husband. She was very brave, she did not turn from the sympathy of her friends, she endured her loneliness with courage, she worked to distract her mind. Here is a touching letter addressed to Mrs. Taylor, of Norwich, in which she says: "A thousand thanks for your kind letter, still more for the very short visit that preceded it. Though short—too short—it has left indelible impressions on my mind. My heart has truly had communion with yours; your sympathy has been balm to it; and I feel that there is *now* no one on earth to whom I could pour out that heart more readily. . . . I am now sitting alone again, and feel like a person who has been sitting by a cheerful fire, not sensible at the time of the temperature of the air; but the fire removed, he finds the season is still winter. Day after day passes, and I do not know what to do with my time; my mind has no energy nor power of application."

How much she felt her loneliness appears again and again from one passage and another. Then she struggled against discouragement; she took to her pen again. To Mrs. Kenrick she writes: "I intend to pay my letter debts: not much troubling my head whether I have anything to say or not; yet to you my heart has always something to say: it always recognizes you as among the dearest of its friends; and while it feels that new impressions are made with difficulty and early effaced, retains, and ever will retain, I trust beyond this world, those of our early and long-tried affection."

She set to work again, trying to forget her heavy trials. It was during the first years of her widowhood that she published her edition of the British novelists in some fifty volumes. There is an opening chapter to this edition upon novels and novel-writing, which is an admirable and most interesting essay upon fiction, beginning from the very earliest times.

In 1811 she wrote her poem on the king's illness, and also the longer poem which provoked such indignant comments at the time. It describes Britain's rise and luxury, warns her of the dangers of her unbounded ambition and unjustifiable wars:—

Arts, arms, and wealth destroy the fruits they  
bring;  
Commerce, like beauty, knows no second  
spring.

Her ingenuous youth from Ontario's shore  
who visits the ruins of London is one of



the many claimants to the honor of having suggested Lord Macaulay's celebrated New-Zealander:—

Pensive and thoughtful shall the wanderers greet  
Each splendid square and still untrodden street,

Or of some crumbling turret, mined by time,  
The broken stairs with perilous step shall climb,  
Thence stretch their view the wide horizon round,

By scattered hamlets trace its ancient bound,  
And, choked no more with fleets, fair Thames survey  
Through reeds and sedge pursue his idle way.

It is impossible not to admire the poem, though it is stilted and not to the present taste. The description of Britain as it now is and as it once was is very ingenious:—

Where once Bonduca whirled the scythed car,  
And the fierce matrons raised the shriek of war,

Light forms beneath transparent muslin float,  
And tutor'd voices swell the artful note;  
Light-leaved acacias, and the shady plane,  
And spreading cedars grace the woodland reign.

The poem is forgotten now, though it was scouted at the time and violently attacked, Southey himself falling upon the poor old lady, and devouring her, spectacles and all. She felt these attacks very much, and could not be consoled, though Miss Edgeworth wrote a warm-hearted letter of indignant sympathy. But Mrs. Barbauld had something in her too genuine to be crushed, even by sarcastic criticism. She published no more, but it was after her poem of "1811" that she wrote the beautiful ode by which she is best known and best remembered,—the ode that Wordsworth used to repeat and say he envied, that Tennyson has called "sweet verses," of which the lines ring their tender, hopeful chime like sweet church bells on a summer evening.

Madame d'Arblay, in her old age, told Crabb Robinson that every night she said them over to herself as she went to her rest. To the writer they are almost sacred. The hand that patiently pointed out to her, one by one, the syllables of Mrs. Barbauld's hymns for children, that tended our childhood, as it had tended our father's, marked these verses one night, when it blessed us for the last time.

Life, we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;

Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time.  
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime,  
Bid me good-morning,

Mrs. Barbauld was over seventy when she wrote this ode. A poem, called "Octogenary Reflections," is also very touching:—

Say ye, who through this round of eighty years  
Have proved its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;

Say what is life, ye veterans who have trod,  
Step following steps, its flowery thorny road?  
Enough of good to kindle strong desire;  
Enough of ill to damp the rising fire;  
Enough of love and fancy, joy and hope,  
To fan desire and give the passions scope;  
Enough of disappointment, sorrow, pain,  
To seal the wise man's sentence—"All is vain."

There is another fragment of hers in which she likens herself to a schoolboy left of all the train, who hears no sound of wheels to bear him to his father's bosom home. "Thus I look to the hour when I shall follow those that are at rest before me." And then at last the time came for which she longed. Her brother died, her faithful Mrs. Kenrick died, and Mrs. Taylor, whom she loved most of all. She had consented to give up her solitary home to spend the remaining years of her life in the home of her adopted son Charles, now married, and a father; but it was while she was on a little visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Aikin, that the summons came, very swiftly and peacefully, as she sat in her chair one day. Her nephew transcribed these, the last lines she ever wrote:—

"Who are you?"

"Do you not know me? have you not expected me?"

"Whither do you carry me?"

"Come with me and you shall know."

"The way is dark."

"It is well trodden."

"Yes, in the forward track."

"Come along."

"Oh! shall I there see my beloved ones?  
Will they welcome me, and will they know me?  
Oh, tell me, tell me; thou canst tell me."

"Yes, but thou must come first."

"Stop a little; keep thy hand off till thou hast told me."

"I never wait."

"Oh! shall I see the warm sun again in my cold grave?"

"Nothing is there that can feel the sun."

"Oh, where then?"

"Come, I say."

One may acknowledge the great progress which people have made since Mrs.



Barbault's day in the practice of writing prose and poetry, in the art of expressing upon paper the thoughts which are in most people's minds. It is (to use a friend's simile) like playing upon the piano — everybody now learns to play upon the piano, and it is certain that the modest performances of the ladies of Mrs. Barbault's time would scarcely meet with the attention now, which they accepted then as their natural due. But all the same, the stock of true feeling, of real poetry, is not increased by the increased volubility of our pens; and so when something comes to us that is real, that is complete in pathos or in wisdom, we still acknowledge the gift, and are grateful for it.

A. I. R.

From Temple Bar.

#### THE FRERES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T."

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

(continued.)

THE two parlors were occupied by Jimmy Byrne, and were marvels of neatness and contrivance.

The landlady, a severe-looking but not unkindly personage, who was, in spite of her severe aspect, "stout and scant o' breath," came up from the basement, where she dwelt, in reasonable time to admit Grace.

"I am glad you are come, miss," she said, as Grace entered; "the poor young gentleman has been taking on terrible, wearying for you."

"I will go to him at once," said Grace, passing her quickly.

"And won't you have a mouthful of summat first, miss?"

"No, thank you. It will be time enough when Mr. Byrne comes in."

"There has been a gentleman here to-day inquiring for Mr. Byrne, miss; and he is coming again between six and seven."

"Yes," said Grace absently, and hurrying on up-stairs.

Randal had not yet risen. He had had a severe cold and cough, which with the mortal anxiety gathering round him for the last month, and culminating in the desperate strain of the last few days, made him seriously unwell. But it was the desire to crouch hidden in his lair that kept him in bed. He had raised him-

self on his elbow to see her face directly his sister entered; and the wild, scared look of his eager eyes, the fiery red spot in the centre of each ghastly white cheek, filled her heart with pity, not untinged with reluctant contempt.

"You are safe, Randal! Max has promised to pay without questioning, and to be secret; so you are safe, my brother!" said Grace, sitting down on a chair by the bedside. She kept quite still and silent, while Randal, clasping her hand, poured forth thanks and exclamations, —

"Thank God! — thank God! and thank you! What a pearl of sisters! I knew Max would not refuse you! and now I am all right! That fellow Cohen will see that I am all right with the great house of Frere. I am certain he doubted me the last time he renewed. Oh, Grace, I can never thank you enough; you have brought me back from the grave; and trust me, I will never be such a fool again. But, you see, I was new to London, and the fellows got round me and humbugged me. I vow to heaven I will never touch a card again!"

No answer from Grace, who sat like one in a dream.

"Don't you hear me, Grace? You may trust me."

"Oh, Randal, I cannot speak; I can still hardly believe this dreadful humiliation has overtaken us. Touch a card again! I should indeed be astonished if you did, after — *this*! Oh, if I seem harsh, Randal, remember how cruel it all has been to me."

"Yes, yes; I know how proud you are; and indeed, Grace, I am very sorry. I am sure I have suffered enough. Was Max very insolent and sneering?"

"No; he never uttered a reproach. Do not talk of him; let us think about repaying him. We must consult Jimmy."

"Now, Grace, you are too bad; you know all I have undergone to keep this from Jimmy, and he hasn't an idea —"

"I hope not; but still we must speak to him. I shall simply say you are in debt to Max."

"Oh, ah! yes; and that will fit in with my story of having dined with him a week or two ago."

"Did you invent that?" asked Grace, with quiet scorn.

"No; not quite. I was taking a mouthful late one day at the London, when by some accident Max Frere came in and sat at the next table. So we exchanged a few remarks — you see we dined together."



Grace was silent, feeling more and more hopeless respecting the speaker.

"But if you have set your heart upon it, I dare say my mother will join us, and we can raise the money."

"Good heavens! why did you not think of this before," cried Grace bitterly, "instead of dragging yourself—all of us—into the mire?"

"Well, I protest it was chiefly consideration for the mother. I knew she could not spare anything, and I hoped every day my luck would change; I once won fifty pounds in two nights. And so the time went on, till it came too near for anything save your interference."

"If you had only opened your heart to Jimmy, it might have been saved."

"You see," interrupted Randal, "the fact is, Jimmy has taken to bullying me of late; and then, you see, I have to be with him every day in the week. But I never catch a glimpse of Max, thank God!"

"Yes," returned Grace despondingly; adding after a pause: "Anyhow, Max must be paid—and that as soon as possible."

"Oh, certainly I should be very glad," returned Randal, rather as if it were no affair of his. "And do you know, Gracy darling, I feel so relieved I could take a cup of beef tea, or a chop, or anything they have in the house; and then I will try to get up and join you and Jimmy at tea."

"Very well," said Grace, looking at him with a sort of pained curiosity; "I will ask the landlady; and then I will try and get a little rest myself. I have not slept for two nights; and I do so want to stop thinking for an hour or two."

She rose and went down-stairs to give the necessary directions.

"I'm sure, miss, I am thankful," replied the landlady to Grace's queries. "To be sure, I've a couple beautiful 'line' chops in the house, as I was hoping he would ask for. I'm sure, miss, he was going into a decline fast, till you come; he has been another creature since."

Randal was always an immense favorite with landladies, chambermaids, and Spiers and Pond young ladies—indeed with men and women generally of all grades. But landladies especially were enslaved by his frank, gracious manner.

"And I'll do one for you too, miss; you look regular tired out."

Grace accepted the proffered refreshment, for she felt sinking; and after attending to Randal, and leaving him in

conversation with Mrs. Oakes, preparatory to making the effort to rise and dress himself, she went first to write as cheerful a letter as she could to her mother, and then if possible to rest.

At first she could not compose herself. The circumstances of her interview with Max passed and repassed across her mental field of vision. His declaration of love, which would once have set her on a pinnacle of bliss, was now worse than unflattering. Had she not been humbled in the dust, would he have confessed it as a piece of madness and folly? Was it possible that the time had come when words of love from Max were an offence, and that while she still remembered the Max of Dungar with tender regret, she would shrink with sincere distaste from the idea of marriage with the Max of to-day, even though a charm still lingered in his voice and in his eyes? Yet so it was.

"I wonder will any one ever love me better than ease, or success, or ambition? Time will show. Ah! what will become of Randal? Is he incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong? What can create in him a moral sense? Is he responsible for such incapacity? Where did he get his nature? What are we to do with him?"

And so revolving her fears and disappointments over and over again, as she lay on the narrow pallet, which yet half filled her room, blessed sleep stole over her, and for nearly two hours she rested from her labors.

It was growing dusk in the dingy room when she awoke; and making her toilet as best she could, she went to Randal's chamber. The door was fastened.

"Is that you, Grace? I am only getting up. I have had such a nice sleep. What o'clock is it?"

"Quarter past six."

"I think Jimmy Byrne has come in; I heard the bell just now."

"I will go down and speak to him," said Grace, yearning for the comfort of his honest company.

But on opening the door she beheld by the gaslight, what at first sight seemed a strange gentleman, standing by the table and looking at a newspaper.

A gentleman above middle stature, though scarcely tall—perhaps his breadth of shoulder took off from his height—with hair closely cut at the back, but worn in a wavy, dark-brown mass at the top. He wore a well-cut, loose-fitting black, or nearly black, frock-coat, and dark-grey trousers. The hand which held the paper



was very brown and sinewy, and there was something scarcely English in his whole aspect. At the noise of the opening door he turned, and displayed a deeply embrowned face; a pair of large, sleepy, brown eyes; an aquiline nose; and thick moustaches, a shade or two lighter than his hair.

On seeing Grace, he let his newspaper fall on the table, and made her a bow—a civil bow enough, but not the bow of a man accustomed to drawing-rooms.

Grace bent her head in acknowledgment; and then they stood looking at each other for an instant or two; his face growing more and more familiar to Grace. She looked so earnestly at him that a smile gleamed in the stranger's eyes, and he slightly lifted his strongly-marked brows with an expression of good-humored interrogation—an expression once so familiar to Grace that she came quickly into the room, holding out both hands.

"Tell me," she cried, "are you Maurice Balfour?"

"Yes, yes; and you," taking her hands, "you are not surely Grace—Grace Frere?"

"I am—I am indeed. Oh, Maurice, how glad I am to see you! You are like a piece of my old home. Ah! everything is so changed since we met, Maurice."

It had been such a trying day, and this was such an unexpected ending, that her much-strained self-control almost gave way. The sweet, kindly mouth quivered, and the tears welled up and hung on her long lashes, while her breath came in two deep sobs.

Balfour looked at her with a pitying, puzzled expression.

"I hope you are quite well, and Mrs. Frere, and—all; you have had no loss since your grandfather's death, Grace?—I ought to say Miss Frere."

"No, thank God! but I have had great anxiety about Randal. He has been ill, but he is better; and why should you call me Miss Frere?"

"Why, you are a grown-up young lady."

"No matter. If you call me anything but Grace, I shall feel as if you were no longer my friend. Oh, how delightful it is to see you! How did you come here?"

"I have been in Ireland to look after some very small possessions my poor grandfather left me, and ascertained Mr. Byrne's address, in order to make inquiries about you all. I was at his office yesterday, but missed him; so they gave me his private address, and here I am. I am surprised you recognized me; for

until you spoke I did not know *you*. You are greatly changed; you used to be such a thin, brown little girl, though you were shooting up when I saw you last; and now——" An expressive pause.

"Yes, indeed I am changed!" exclaimed Grace, quite unconsciously; "and even more in thought than looks. But you, Maurice, you look wonderfully older."

He did not reply at once, but stood still, holding her hand, and gazing at her with a puzzled, kindly compassionate expression.

"And your mother and the little one," he went on at last, letting go the hand which Grace did not attempt to remove.

"They are quite well, thank God, and I think quite happy. They are not here; they are in Germany. I have just come over because—because Randal was ill and wanted me."

"Randal! Ay, I suppose he is quite a young man?"

"Yes; quite," with a deep sigh at the thought of how he had inaugurated his manhood.

"It must be nearly five years since I was at Dungan?"

"It is. You had just returned from Spain, and you only stayed a week, because you were going to America, I think."

"I am glad you remember, Grace—Miss Frere, I mean. It is new to me to find any one who notes my going and coming;" and he smiled—a frank, sweet smile.

"I am sure *we* did, Maurice—I beg your pardon, Mr. Balfour," returned Grace, a gleam of her natural playfulness sparkling over the deep gloom that had turned her thoughts so dark that, like the darkness of Egypt, it might be felt.

"No, no! you must call me Maurice."

"Yes, I will." She sat down and rested her elbows on the table, covering her face with her hands for a moment, more overcome than she cared to show. "Oh, Maurice, we have lost so much since I last saw you!—dearest grandpapa and our sweet home. Oh, if you only knew how terrible London was at first! I did not think I could have been so miserable, at least while the dear mother was left me."

"And you so young and so tenderly reared—I suppose I must not say spoiled?" returned Balfour, smiling kindly, as he would on a disappointed child.

"Yes; I suppose I have almost always been spoiled," returned Grace thoughtfully; "but life is beginning to show me my true value;" and as the thought of Max's



hasty, but evidently sincere, exclamation that it was "madness and folly" to love her, came back, her heart swelled with wounded pride; and the irrepressible tears, partly the result of over-fatigue, would force themselves over the brim and hang upon her long black lashes. "I must tell Randal you are here. The surprise would be too much for him," she said quickly and trying to steady her voice, as she turned from the light. "I will come back directly."

Maurice Balfour looked after her as she closed the door, and an expression of deep gravity stole over his face. "There's something wrong there," he thought; "it is not a trifle that would unhinge such a woman as my little playfellow has developed into. But she is the same Grace still; the original girl or child comes back to me in some of her tones and her smiles."

He sat down and began to look at the paper; but he soon laid it aside and sat thinking, his eyes wide open, gazing far away — five years, ten years back — to his holidays at Dungar, to Grace's first arrival there — for he was the older inhabitant of the two — a little, foreign-looking creature, in picturesque mourning. How he, a rough, uncouth lad of sixteen, physically old for his years, was first shy and then fond of the new-comers. How she used to tease him and tyrannize over him; and what a troublesome imp Randal was! and how Mrs. Frere appeared to him the most beautiful and graceful of women. How, after a year of Dungar life, Grace grew brave and sensible, and wonderfully companionable for a girl. How, the last time he was at Dungar, he feared she was not going to be pretty after all; and now, he was quite sure she was not pretty — she was something beyond that, and yet not a beauty. "I am afraid it has been a terrible change for Mrs. Frere and Grace. They were like princesses in the kingdom of Dungar — so at least they seemed to me; and now —"

The noise of the door opening made him look up with an expectant, pleased expression; but no one entered immediately, though a voice said, —

"Just so, ma'am; an' if you would be so good as to see that the water is b'iling — b'iling mad — I would be greatly obliged to you."

Whereupon a small man in an overcoat, with his hat in one hand and a severely distended black bag in the other, entered — a little, dark-eyed man, with abundant black hair and shaggy eyebrows, a snub

nose, and wide mouth, pathetically depressed at the corners.

"Good-evenin', sir," he said, depositing his hat and bag on a small species of side-board, which blocked up the folding-doors; "I am afraid I am a little late. May I ask —" He paused.

"My name?" suggested the other. "I am Balfour, Maurice Balfour. You have probably heard it before. Mr. Stepney, the rector of Dungar, was my grandfather."

"God bless us!" cried Jimmy, holding out his hand with much cordiality; "to be sure I have. I am very glad to see you, sir; and so will Mr. Randal and Miss Grace. And where have you come from last?"

"Well, last from Dublin; and I have troubled you with a call to make some inquiries about my friends, for no one at Dungar could tell me anything; and to my surprise, while waiting for you, Miss Frere herself walked in."

"Did she now — the dear young lady! She's had a heap of trouble, one way or another, Mr. Balfour; and then this illness of Mr. Randal's. I don't think myself he was that bad; but he took to yearning for his sister, and writes off to her post-haste that he was dying, and the Lord knows what, unknown to me. So away she comes, travelling night and day, and arrived here yesterday, quite worn out. I must say it vexed me a little."

"It was a very natural wish on his part," said Balfour, seeing he paused for a reply.

"Not a doubt of it," returned Jimmy; "but it cost a heap of money, and just frightens his mother out of her wits. But you'll excuse me, sir. I have *wan* or two little things to see to, as the good woman of the house tells me Mr. Randal is coming down to tea; so you'll excuse me;" and seizing his black bag Jimmy disappeared with an air of extreme occupation.

In the silence which ensued, energetic tones from the next room penetrated through the closed folding-doors.

"Now, Mrs. Oakes, if you will just keep the eggs from breaking, from two to three minutes will set them well; and, Mrs. Oakes, a trifle of fresh mustard, if you please. If you could give us a clean tablecloth, you'll find I'll not be ungrateful. I've a seed-cake in the bag. And about nine, if you please, the jug with the lid to it, with boiling water — real boiling, mind."

The tea was set; and Jimmy, taking a



perspective view of it, with his head on one side, pronounced it all right, when Grace entered, leading in Randal, who looked terribly haggard and pale. He was nervous and shaky too, but seemed pleased to see Maurice, and to listen to the talk about old days at Dungar; but he was much less talkative than usual, nor could he partake of the tempting fried ham and poached eggs, which both Jimmy and Balfour pronounced excellent.

"Mr. Randal, sir, I am glad to see you so much better; and I don't deny that you have been worse than I thought at first. Still and all, I maintain you had no need for to drag your sister all this weary way: she looks as bad as yourself. Eh, Mr. Balfour?"

"Not quite," replied that gentleman, "though she does look tired. You had a long journey. Whereabouts are you in Germany?"

"In a very obscure little town, which I dare say you never heard of — Zittau."

"Zittau — yes, I have. Is it not somewhere near Dresden?"

"It is; and you have been in Dresden, I know. We know an old friend of yours who is quartered in Zittau now — Wolff von Falkenberg."

"Falkenberg," repeated Balfour thoughtfully; "that is curious! Do you know him well? — do you see much of him?"

"He is a sort of connection," returned Grace, and proceeded to explain it; concluding, "And now that he is going to be married to Gertrud Alvsleben, of course he will be really my cousin."

"He was a very pleasant fellow; and I suppose the lady has money, so that will make it all right," said Balfour significantly. "I was thinking of going to have a look at my old haunts in Germany while waiting for an appointment I partly expect."

"Then you must come and see my mother," said Grace.

"That I will, with pleasure!"

"I suppose you have been a great traveller, Mr. Balfour?" remarked Jimmy Byrne, when the repast was over, as he closed the door after the "gurl," who departed heavily laden with the tea-tray.

"No, not as travelling goes in these days. I have been in Spain, and South America, and India."

"Dear, dear! that's enough in all conscience. And what have you been doing in these foreign parts, Mr. Balfour, if I might make so bold as to ask?"

"Oh, making railroads and bridges, and embankments."

"It must be interesting work," said Grace languidly.

"It is — most interesting."

"Where were you last, Maurice?"

"In India; and there I took jungle fever. So I was obliged to come home, and give up a capital appointment."

"All the wealth in the world isn't worth bad health," remarked Jimmy, pulling forward a rather rigid-looking chair. "Take this, Mr. Randal; it will rest you;" and he beat up a pillow for his back.

"I am afraid there was small chance of wealth to tempt me to risk it: an engineer has few opportunities for growing rich. That is for the contractors."

"Then it was not the dear rector's death which called you home?" said Grace.

"No; I heard it on reaching England, and I was confoundedly cut up to think I was not with him."

"Yes, it was very sad not to have seen him."

"It gave me a sensation of being quite alone that I never experienced before. Though I have always been isolated, I did not seem to perceive it till my grandfather was gone. Of course that wore off. Still, though I have plenty of pleasant friends, I've no one really belonging to me; and having no home at Dungar, I do not care to stay in England, or indeed in Europe."

He spoke in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone; but Grace thought his voice pleasant, sweet, and refined.

"Is it very hard to learn engineering?" asked Randal, in rather a querulous voice. "I scarcely know what to do myself. You see, my grandfather's death has quite spoiled my prospects. I have been in a house of business, but these fellows are so deuced sharp that when my health began to give way, and I could not come up to time, they dismissed me."

"He is dismissed then?" said Grace, in a low tone, aside to Jimmy — who shook his head despondingly in reply, adding, —

"Near a month ago."

"I should say there is nothing specially hard in engineering, if you have a taste for it. A good deal depends on natural inclination; and then you should begin young," said Maurice Balfour.

"I fear I am too old," resumed Randal dejectedly, "or I should very much like to take it up, and go away with you somewhere out of Europe. I feel as if I wanted room. These old, worn-out, overcrowded cities oppress me. There is,



there must be, contagious energy in an unexhausted society."

"I do not know that! I fancy you would find an unexhausted country exceedingly exhausting. It is rather troublesome to be obliged to build your house before you can find shelter, to mend your own shoes, and cook your own dinner."

"God bless us!" remarked Jimmy; "and have you had to do all that, sir?"

"Occasionally. And I think, Randal, an old country, with all the means and appliances to boot, would suit you best. You see, I have been roughing it nearly all my life."

"I wonder it has not made you rough, Maurice," said Grace, looking up into his face with the pleasant feeling that she had found a congenial elder brother.

"I fear it has not fitted me for London drawing-rooms," he returned, with his kindly, quiet smile; "which is no great matter, as I am never likely to see many."

"And do you make any stay in London, sir?" asked Jimmy.

"I am not sure. I had intended starting for Germany the day after to-morrow, but I promised to stay and dine with a lady—and I suspect, a fashionable lady—to whom I brought a message and a parcel from a poor fellow I was able to help a little in his last hours, when I was bad enough myself."

"Who is it, Maurice?" asked Grace, feeling an odd anticipation of the name.

"Lady Elton; she lives in Sutherland Mansions."

"What, our Lady Elton? That is very strange," said Randal.

"Lady Elton is a great friend of mine," observed Grace.

"Yes, that is curious," cried Balfour; and some explanations ensued. "She is a charming woman, and full of feeling," continued Balfour. "I never saw any one so overcome as she was when I repeated poor young Loring's last words. I do not think a mother could have felt more; yet I believe they were no relations."

"She mentioned in her last letter that she had had a sad loss," said Grace.

"Dear, dear!" remarked Jimmy Byrne; "I am very sorry for it. A more elegant lady I never saw; and a good woman too, I am told."

"And so she is aunt to Max Frere, about whom my grandfather wrote during his visits to Dungan," said Balfour.

"Did he?" murmured Grace, coloring crimson, as Maurice looked at her—a long look—out of his sleepy, large,

brown eyes, that saw a good deal in spite of their sleepiness.

"Yes; he was a capital correspondent for the first three years of my absence, but after that his letters grew rarer."

"I think," said Randal, "I shall get away to bed. I feel I have stayed up long enough."

"And I ought to go too," said Balfour, rising.

Grace did not press him to stay. A gloom hung over them all, and glad as Grace was to see her old friend, and grateful too for the welcome break to the course of her sad, bitter thoughts, she felt that nothing could rouse her to her usual tone of spirits, or interest her in the usual degree.

"I am stupid with fatigue," she said, "so I will not ask you to stay; but you will come and see us again?"

"I should think I would!" returned Balfour, smiling. "It is not every day I get a chance of such company. Good-night, Randal. I don't think you are so bad but that you might come out for a stroll, if you had an arm to help you along."

"Thanks," said Randal; "yes, do come and take me out—it will be a godsend."

"And do you know which omnibus to take, Mr. Balfour?" cried Jimmy, ever ready to do everything for every one.

"Thank you, yes. I am staying at Charing Cross; and I shall walk, for I seem to get no exercise here."

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE next morning's waking was painfully bewildering to Grace. Was it a reality that she had gone through the bitter ordeal of humbling herself to Max Frere; that she had not done it in vain, and that she was still unannihilated; nay, more, that an odd strain of sweetness mingled with her sore and bruised sensations when she thought of her unexpected interview with Maurice Balfour, and that she would most probably see him again that day?

The sight of him had brought back her happy childish days so vividly. He was so much the same, and grew so much upon her memory as they talked together, that the very sound of his voice seemed to conjure back her old bright, dreamy self, her gorgeous anticipations, her boundless belief in transcendent virtue and unfathomable vice, with never a shade between!

It was such a relief, too, to meet a man who was calm and kindly, neither sneer-



ing nor looking unutterable things, like Max; nor insinuating compliments, and throwing himself into gallant attitudes, like Falkenberg. Yes; Maurice Balfour was honest and reasonable, and they would be great friends. Perhaps he would be a useful friend to Randal; and perhaps it would be well if Randal were to leave England. Then came the paralyzing thought: What could Randal do anywhere? Still she must try and settle something about him before she returned to Zittau. And how she longed to return to her home and its occupations! Then there was the conversation with Jimmy hanging over her. That debt to Max must be repaid before she left London.

But she had slept late, and Jimmy had left for his office before she descended to the little parlor.

Randal was very miserable and troublesome. He would get up—he would not get up. He wished to be read to—the sound of her voice distracted him. A friend, smelling strongly of tobacco, called to see him; and during the visit Balfour came in, as if their old friendly intercourse had gone on in unbroken continuity.

"If Randal has had visitors, and will not go out, I had better not see him. Will you come, Grace? (I think I had better leave 'Miss Frere' alone.) You are looking pale, and I should like to see the Ungar roses bloom again in your cheeks."

"Yes; it will be so nice to have a good quick walk this bright, cold day. Let us go into Regent's Park and up Primrose Hill. I will tell Randal, and put on my hat."

She was down again soon, looking brighter and handsomer than Balfour had yet seen her.

"I suppose I must not offer you my arm?"

"No; no one offers his arm now. Women, they say, are learning to walk alone."

"I don't know that they are the worse for that. I am sure you are very strong-minded, Grace."

"I wish I were—in the good sense."

It was a delightful walk, and quite a refreshment to Grace. She was the principal talker; and though she often glanced aside to books, or to their former adventures by flood and field, her principal topic was Randal.

Nothing could be kinder, more sympathetic, or gentle than Balfour. Her reliance on him, her trust in his brotherly interest, increased every moment. Surely

this was a friend sent her by Heaven! He promised to cultivate Randal, try to ascertain what he was fit for, and advise accordingly. So he led her to her humble quarters; shaking hands heartily at the door, and hurrying away to dress for his dinner with Lady Elton—for their ramble had extended beyond two hours.

Grace's satisfaction was crowned on entering, by finding a card bearing the name of "Maxwell Frere."

She had escaped him, and in all probability he would not call again. She had little faith in the endurance of a whim such as had fired him on the previous day, which made him so unlike himself, and so much to be dreaded.

Loud and deep were Randal's reproaches. She had been out more than two hours—in fact, nearer three than two—and he was so wretched! He did not know what was to become of him. After all, he was more a victim than anything else, etc., etc., till Grace was roused to give him a sharp answer, which restored him to composure and silence, if not to good humor.

Jimmy was very reluctant and unmanageable anent the question of raising money to pay Randal's supposed debt to Max.

"You don't know what you are doing, Miss Grace, dear," he said, after she had explained matters to him that evening, when Randal had gone to bed. "Sure it's ruination to break into your principal. Once you begin there's no end to it. Better try and pinch a bit, and make Mr. Randal pinch a bit, so as to pay by degrees. Mr. Maxwell Frere can afford to wait."

"But I cannot. Oh, Jimmy! I should like to pay him to-morrow."

"No doubt you would; and so would I, for the matter of that: but we must look ahead. Mr. Randal has got through a good deal of money—a good deal, faith! since you went away. And I dare say he has told you that I was a stingy 'naygur;' but after the first wanst or twice, I just plucked up heart to say no, when he wanted to borrow a trifle. It was bad for him, Miss Grace; and it would have ended badly. But I am surprised at his getting money from Mr. Maxwell Frere. I thought there was not much love lost between them."

"Nor is there; and nothing that could have happened would have vexed me like this. So, dear Jimmy, you must help me to pay Max."



"My darlin' young lady, you know it's the one pleasure of my life to be of any use to you; but I will not consent to your touching a penny of the little bit of money you have to depend upon. Look now! what did you give Mr. Randal? Fifty a year! Well, take him home with you, and keep him till he can get something to keep himself: it won't cost much more in addition to your housekeeping. Well, that's something towards it. And then, let me see, I have a trifle put by for you — them pearls, you know. You give them to me to pledge, because you wouldn't borrow from me. Well, I just locked them away, and brought you my own money. Sure, it was a good investment; and I have saved up the cash you thought you were paying them thieves of the world, the pawnbrokers, for interest. So there's that to the good for you, Miss Grace, though it's but a trifle. And you can give me four per cent. at the end of the year."

"Jimmy, you are a wonderful man! How thoughtful and good you are for us! What should we do without you?"

"And them words of yours pays me in full for any trouble I have taken; and that same is a pleasure," said Jimmy, his black eyes twinkling, and rubbing up his hair till he looked more like a faithful Skye terrier than ever. "So I tell you what, Miss Grace: if your dear mamma could make up her mind to sell some of the pearls, you might get a first instalment, say of fifty pounds, to pay Mr. Maxwell. And that would keep your heart easy. Eh, Miss Grace?"

"Oh, as to me, I would sell them all with pleasure; but my dear mother has associations — At all events, I will ask her."

"Do so, dear," said Jimmy, speaking out of his thoughts, which Grace did not care to interrupt.

"He's an uncommon nice, civil-spoken, sensible young man," said Jimmy, speaking suddenly and *à propos* to nothing. "And though Mr. Randal is the height of good company, I wish he was like Mr. Balfour."

"Maurice Balfour is much older," returned Grace. "And poor Randal is — well, what nature made him, though he is very provoking."

"True for you; but he'll gather sense, please God. Now, I wonder if Mr. Balfour could find anything for him to do out there where he's going?"

"Where is that?" asked Grace.

"Faith, I don't know," said Jimmy,

with a laugh. "Only he spoke as if he was going away to foreign parts."

"Yes; I suppose he will," observed Grace, thinking in her heart that it would be sad to part with Maurice, now she had found him. "I dare say Lady Elton would try and help us — I mean Randal," she said. "She knows so many people, and is so clever. I am sure he had better leave London. At any rate, I will write to my mother to-morrow. And if you give up those pearls, ought you not to have some kind of bond or acknowledgment? You know, good friend. Do write it out, and we will all sign it. Ah! Jimmy! dear dear Jimmy! you are the one true friend I have in the wide world. Good-night. I still feel, oh, so weary!"

She rose and held out her hand to him. "God bless you, my child!" said the little man warmly. "I hope there are plenty of bright days coming to reward you for all you have gone through. But, faith, you take Mr. Randal's troubles too much to heart."

"I cannot help it," said Grace, shaking her head as she left the room.

This gleam of hope that they would be able to pay Max was a renewal of life to her; and she fell asleep in the midst of a profound calculation as to the particular branches of expenditure which might be curtailed, so as to save at least two pounds a month — more she dared not hope.

The letter to her mother was a skillful composition. She hesitated as to whether she should admit Max to be the creditor, as she knew her mother's peculiar notions respecting money transactions between near relatives. She would give Max money if she had it, or take it from him, with equal *sang-froid*.

Still Grace shrank from disguising the truth. One fact she must and could suppress; and most heartily did she thank Heaven that her mother need never know the disgrace that had fallen upon them.

The task was nearly accomplished, when she paused to listen to a train of thought put in motion by some expression in her own letter. Why should she despair of Randal? Other young men had gone wrong, and come right again. Association was all-powerful with him. Would he had a chance of being with Maurice Balfour! There was a kindly strength about Maurice which inspired her with confidence. The almost indolent repose of his manner impressed her with the idea of a nature energetic and forceful enough to permit itself intervals of laziness.



ness. But what was Randal fit for? She could not ask Balfour nor any one else to hamper himself with a helpless hanger-on. And the prospect of a long future spent in a struggle to urge Randal on in some directions and keep him back in others was not cheerful: then, whatever happened, Mab's education must not be neglected or even curtailed. So far afield had her thoughts strayed, and so absorbed was she in them, that she did not heed the sound of a carriage stopping at the door; nor did she move till the door was opened suddenly, and Mrs. Oakes, in somewhat awestruck accents, announced, —

"A lady for you, miss."

Whereupon enter an elegant-looking woman, in black silk, silver-fox fur, and an exquisite bonnet of black lace and jet.

"Grace!" she cried reproachfully — "in London three or four days, and never to let me know!"

"I was going to see you to-day, dearest Lady Elton," cried Grace, kissing her warmly. "I came so suddenly, and found Randal so ill, I had no time to do anything."

"Ah, dear child! that brother of yours was born to be a torment to you. What business had he to be ill? Why, you look worried to death!"

"It was such a terrible journey," said Grace, with a sigh — "not knowing what I should find at the end of it — that it seems still to haunt and overpower me."

"What! did you think he was dying? I wonder that quaint little man (what is his name — Byrne?) had not more sense than to frighten you rather unnecessarily, from what Mr. Balfour says. They live together, do they not? — I mean your brother and Mr. Byrne."

"Yes. Oh, you must not blame him!" began Grace, and then stopped, thinking it better not to explain too much. "And you," looking at her friend, with affectionate interest, "how glad I am to meet you again! but I fear you, too, have been ill?"

"No, dear; I have not been ill bodily. I have called in no doctors, and have had no ridiculous bottles, a sixth part to be taken three times a day. Nevertheless, I have gone mentally down into the valley of death, and its gray shadows hang over me still — and will, dear, so long as I grope about in this darkened world."

"Dear Lady Elton!" murmured Grace, puzzled how to answer this speech.

"Yes," continued Lady Elton; "the one germ of hope, the one link between me and the future, was crushed and bro-

ken when my poor boy was cut off. I feel as if I could not reconcile myself to it."

Grace was much struck by the contrast between the composure of Lady Elton's manner and the passionate force of her words.

"And it was so strange," she resumed, "that your old friend Balfour should have closed his eyes. It is another link between us, Grace; for there was a strong affinity always. I was so startled to find you were in London."

"Then it was Maurice Balfour who told you, not Max?" asked Grace, a little incautiously, in her anxiety to know how much Lady Elton knew.

"Max!" she repeated. "Are you in communication with Max? does he know you are in town? I have not seen Max for ages."

Grace, feeling she had made a slight mistake, prudently kept silence.

"Then you and Max are friends again," continued Lady Elton. "I always felt, rather than knew, that there was a hidden warfare between you. I am afraid you are given to warfare, Grace. Well, I will never quarrel with you or with any one again. Nothing seems worth it now."

Grace could only stroke the hand she held, and look into her friend's face with loving, sympathizing eyes.

"And so, Grace, are you ready to come back with me? The carriage is at the door; just put up your things and come."

"Ah, that is quite impossible!" cried Grace.

"And why?"

"I cannot leave Randal. He has been very ill — a sort of low fever, which seems to have fastened on him. He is certainly better, but very low and weak and miserable."

"I suppose he has got into scrapes, like most young men?" observed Lady Elton philosophically.

"He has not been so economical as he ought to be," said Grace, with a little sigh; "but there is no harm in Randal."

"Exactly so, dear. He might do better if there was."

"It is a terrible hindrance, his not having been brought up to any profession. It is just the difference between letting a stream spread its waters over the fields, and embanking it into narrow usefulness."

"You must have been talking to your friend Balfour a good deal; that is quite an engineering simile." And Lady Elton looked at her with a kindly smile.



"Yes, a good deal; and I hope I shall say a great deal more to him. He talks of coming to Germany."

"I think I shall go too," said Lady Elton carelessly. "To return, if you really think you ought not to leave your brother, I must not say anything. But in a few days you can come to me. Remember, I, too, am an invalid, though of a different order; and, Grace, this is hardly the place for you to stay in. It is certainly clean," looking curiously round her; "but though I am not at all *exigeante* or fanciful in such matters, is it not rather odd to be staying with that dear funny little man, Mr. Byrne?"

"I do not see it," returned Grace gravely. "He is the kindest and best of creatures; he is like a father to me. And you know, Lady Elton, I do not belong to your world—or any world except that of my own people and my mother's house."

"Very sweet of you to say so, child; but tell me truth, Grace, is it not a little bitter to you, this renunciation of all that is generally most valued in youth—the prestige of position?"

"Yes; I think I felt our poverty and obscurity very keenly at first when we were in London. I felt a little murderous the first, and only, day I dined at Uncle Frere's, though it brought me good fortune in *your* acquaintance; but I have grown quite comfortable and content since we were in Germany. Life has a great many sides to it, Lady Elton."

"Have you a lover in Zittau, Grace?" asked Lady Elton quickly.

"Indeed I have not," said Grace, laughing and blushing.

The question distressed her; she shrank from her friend's unhesitating utterance of a word which to her was very sweet and sacred, and not to be lightly spoken. "Have you a lover?" Why, it was like saying, "Have you a coachman, or a hairdresser?"—as if a lover was a sort of essential hanger-on.

"Because, if so, it would account for a good deal of contentment."

"Well, I have none," repeated Grace carelessly.

"I believe you; but it is odd. Do you never intend to have one?"

"Oh dear, no," with a good-humored smile. "I suppose such a state of destitution would be highly disgraceful."

"Highly unnatural, at all events. Well, Grace, if you cannot come and stay with me, come and have a drive, and return with me to luncheon."

"I would be quite delighted; but, dear Lady Elton, I must ask Randal. You see I left him yesterday for a little walk with Maurice Balfour, and we stayed more than two hours. Poor Randal was so lonely and unhappy and cross, I dare not leave him again."

"Ah!" thoughtfully. "Is he well enough to come with us? It might do him good."

"It would be perfectly delightful; you are so kind! I will just close the letter to the dear mother—she will be charmed to hear of you—and then I will make Randal get ready; he is up." And she proceeded to add a few hasty lines to her letter.

"Randal," she exclaimed, a few minutes later, as she came quickly into his room, where he was scribbling indolently with a cigar in his lips, "Lady Elton is below, and wants you to come out for a drive. I wish you would, Randal; it would do you good."

"Drive with Lady Elton! Oh, Grace, I couldn't; I am ashamed of—"

"Dear, dear Randal!" interrupted Grace, touched and delighted with this expression of penitence and right feeling, and in haste to encourage him, "you must have courage; let the dead past bury its dead. Lady Elton does not know a word of your—of what has happened; no one ever shall. So come and—"

"Really, Grace," interrupted Randal in his turn, "you are too bad; you never let a fellow lose sight of his misfortunes. I was not thinking of that; but my overcoat is so shabby, and my hat is the worse of the wear. I am not fit to be seen in Lady Elton's carriage, and I will *not* go. If you will get my hat ironed, and it is warm enough to go without my overcoat to-morrow or next day, I will."

"Very well," returned Grace, much disappointed; "but it may not be convenient to her to call again. At all events, I will not go to-day. She asked me; but I do not like to leave you."

"You need not mind, then. You look so miserable, and say such disagreeable things, that a fellow can never forget his troubles and sins for a moment. You had better go. I dare say Balfour will call, and that will amuse me."

"Very well, Randal!" and she turned away with tears in her eyes. This, then, was the result of all her exertions: that Randal could not support the reproach of her presence.

"Randal is so much obliged to you, dear Lady Elton," she said, coming into



the little parlor, where she found that lady spelling over a German paper which Grace had received that morning from some unknown sender—she suspected Falkenberg; "but he does not feel equal to going out. However, as he expects Maurice Balfour to come and see him, he can spare me, and I shall be so pleased to drive with you, and lunch with you after."

"Indeed!" with a sharp look at her. "I am fortunate in securing you. Come, then! You are looking better than when I came in; you have a little color. Color is essential to you."

"Go to Hampstead Heath, and back by the Welsh Harp," said Lady Elton to the coachman. "Now, dear child," she continued, settling herself in her corner, "talk to me—tell me of your life in that nook where you have buried yourself. I shall bless you if you interest me."

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From The Nineteenth Century.

#### SIR WALTER RALEGH IN IRELAND.

A FEW years ago a desultory correspondent wrote to a friend:—

I have returned from the tropical seas where Raleigh's fleet suffered from tornados and fever, and I am resting for a few weeks in "Sir Walter's study"—in the same room where he looked at the charts of Verazzano before his voyage, and where he first smoked tobacco in Europe on his return. The room is much the same as it might have been in those times. The original painting of the first governor of Virginia is there, and a contemporary engraving of Elizabeth Queen of Virginia. The long table at which he wrote, the oak chest in which he kept papers, the little Italian cabinet, the dark wainscoting with fine carvings rising up from each side of the hearthstone to the ceiling, the old deeds and parchments, some with Raleigh's seal, the original warrant, under the autograph and signet of Queen Elizabeth, granting a pension to the Countess Elinor of Desmond, and the confused litter of vellum-bound and oak-bound books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—for there is nothing in the room (except the writer of these lines) that was not born when Raleigh lived here—all these things compel me to think of him, and I do my best to think well of him, but how can I? Who could think well of him here? As I look through the deep window where he often stood, I see the ruined tower of St. Mary's and the remains of the College of Youghal. They were built a hundred years before his time, as well as the warden's house in which he lived, by the eighth Earl of Desmond. In this spot I cannot think of Raleigh without thinking of Thomas Fitzgerald—a contrast not favorable to Raleigh.

The great earl, to whom the modern occupant of Sir Walter's study thus referred, was the chief personage in the Pale for some years. He was lord deputy, but whilst he did his duty conscientiously to the foreign lord of Ireland, he was not insensible to the fact that there were people in Ireland who lived beyond the Pale. He called the first Parliament in which a real effort was made to establish something like fair dealing with the Irishry. He encouraged the commerce with the southern parts of Europe which had sprung up about the time that Edward the Second had farmed out the customs revenue of Cork, Youghal, and Waterford to Gerardo, a Florentine merchant, and the Friscobaldi had begun to send their wines from Livorno to Youghal. Like his contemporary Lorenzo de' Medici, he played a part in the revival of letters. He could not restore all the ruined seats of learning from Armagh to Cashel and Lismore that had fallen before civil war and foreign invasion, but he founded a college at Youghal in 1464 and gave the warden and fellows an endowment of 600*l.* per annum—a more generous endowment, looking to his income and the value of money in those days, than the Parliament has given to the Queen's Colleges and the Irish people themselves have given to the Catholic University in our time. Some of the specimens of early printing—1479 to 1483—which were found fifty years ago in a recess in the house built by the great earl for the warden of the college, were no doubt a part of the library then collected. The contrast between this generous effort to revive the ancient civilization of the country and the Philistine policy of later times is remarkable.

Raleigh's career in Ireland determined his fate more perhaps than is usually supposed. On the other hand, his proceedings and those of his companions in Munster made a deep mark in Irish history. In fact he was one of the most daring and active of those eminent Englishmen who have done much to render British government permanently difficult—if not more than difficult—in Ireland.

British historians have touched but slightly on Raleigh's Irish exploits. Beyond the fact of his planting the potato for the first time in his garden near the old town wall of Youghal, his smoking tobacco under the four intertwined yew-trees that still remain there, and his musings with Edmund Spenser, little is published of his Munster life. And yet it is still a fresh and living force in the unwrit-



ten history of the peasants from Youghal to Lismore, and along the banks of the Blackwater and the Lee from Imokilly to the mountains of Kerry. It is possible to meet men and women on the old ploughlands of the Desmond estate who speak nothing but Irish (in the province of Munster there are thirty thousand peasants who at this day do not speak English), and from their stories to pick up more of the real doings of Raleigh and his comrades in Ireland than from Hume and the historians. That tradition-loving and long-remembered people, as M. Thierry calls them, the most unchanging people on the face of the globe as Mr. Froude calls them, are not ignorant of the events of three hundred years ago, and they look upon them now much in the same way that their ancestors looked upon them then.

In his "English in Ireland" Mr. Froude makes no reference to Sir Walter Raleigh, and in his "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth," in which the war of the Desmonds is more fully described, he mentions him but once. Having touched on the Irish victory at Glenmalur in which the new deputy, Lord Grey de Wilton, was defeated, the landing of two thousand Scots in Antrim under the Countess of Desmond, and the landing of some Spanish and Italian allies of the Irish in Dingle Bay, Mr. Froude says:—

Meanwhile, Lord Grey having recovered as well as he could from his first calamity, and being reassured by a victory of Maltby's over the Burkes and the unexpected quiet of the rest of Ireland, gathered all the soldiers that he could raise, and set off with a small, but, from its composition, unusually interesting force, to attack the invaders by land. Ireland had become to young Englishmen of spirit a land of hope and adventure, where they might win glory and perhaps fortune; and among the names of the officers who accompanied Grey are found those of Burghley's kinsman, young Mr. Cheke, of Edmund Spenser, and of Walter Raleigh.

Such is Mr. Froude's only mention of him. This omission is not less remarkable from the fact that in important events described by Mr. Froude Raleigh took a busy part: and for a score of years he was an influential adviser of Elizabeth, sometimes the most influential, in an Irish policy that, as Edmund Burke says, was never deviated from for a single hour during her reign.

Spenser was assistant secretary to the lord deputy, and was then twenty-eight

years of age. Raleigh was also in his twenty-eighth year when he sailed from the Isle of Wight for Ireland. He landed in Cove harbor with what he calls "a footeband of one hundreth men." In his letter to Lord Burghley written from Cork on the 22nd of February, 1580, he claims certain arrears, from which it seems that he was paid at the rate of four shillings a day for himself, two shillings a day for his lieutenant, fourteence a day for four other officers, and eightpence a day for every common soldier. To this company he was able to add a small number of horsemen with "good furniture," that is, suitable armor and trappings. They were mostly Devonshire men, and, like their captain, full of courage and energy. Even when, two years later, by the queen's special order, he got the command of Captain Appesley's band also, the number of troops with which he operated was very small. The amount of destruction and conquest accomplished by those highly paid and well-equipped men seems out of all proportion to their insignificant numbers. For some years the Irish fell before them as German tribes had fallen before the soldiers of Italy.

Captain Raleigh's "Reckonings" in Ireland begin, according to the records in the Rolls Office, with the date July 13, 1580, a couple of months before Lord Grey's second government in Ireland, but some earlier record of his pay may have been lost. Whether or not he preceded the lord deputy to Ireland, he certainly accompanied him to the bay on the shores of the Atlantic where Admiral Winter and Vice-Admiral Bingham blockaded Desmond's six or seven hundred foreign allies. Hemmed in on all sides, the garrison of Smerwick Castle surrendered on the 10th of November, 1580. Here is Mr. Froude's description of the way in which some of those young Englishmen of spirit began to win glory:—

Don Bastian with the officers came out with ensigns trailing, and gave themselves up as prisoners. The men piled their arms outside the walls, and waited defenceless to learn the pleasure of their conquerors. They were strangers, and by this time alone. The officers were reserved for their ransom. Common prisoners were inconvenient and expensive, and it was thought desirable to read a severe lesson to Catholic sympathizers in Ireland. "The Lord of hosts," wrote Grey, "had delivered the enemy to us, none of ours being hurt, Mr. Cheke alone excepted. Then put I in certain bands, who fell straight to execution." A certain number of the original party had fallen sick, and had been sent back



to Spain. With the exception of these and of the officers, the entire party was slaughtered. A few women, some of them pregnant, were hanged. A servant of Saunders, an Irish gentleman, and a priest were hanged also. The bodies, six hundred in all, were stripped and laid out upon the sands, "as gallant, goodly personages," said Grey, "as ever were beheld."

Mr. Froude, after referring to Camden's statement that Lord Grey had shed tears and Queen Elizabeth had wished the cruelty undone, surmises that they might possibly "have felt some pity for the subjects of the king of Spain which was refused to the wives and babies of the Irish chiefs." But he gives good reasons for doubting Lord Grey's tears or the sincerity of the queen's pity.

Whoever was to blame for the occurrence, the English admiral had no complicity in it. Dr. Taylor in his "History of Ireland" says: "To the relentless soldiery innocence furnished no protection; helpless infancy and tottering age found no mercy. Admiral Winter, however, with the humanity natural to a British sailor, was shocked by the horrid massacre, and granted protection to a few that escaped to his fleet." But who was to blame? Lord Grey does not say what orders he gave to the bands he sent in, nor who commanded them. He does not mention Raleigh's name in his despatch of November 14 to the Privy Council. The question as to who was the actual executioner seems, however, to be set at rest by a passage in the contemporary narrative in Hooker's "Supplement to the Chronicles of Holinshed," in which we are told that the people in the fort held out a white flag uttering the cry "*Miseriordia, miseriordia*;" they then, at the lord deputy's request, disarmed themselves, all their armor and arms being laid in one place. Hooker then adds: "In the fort Sir James Fitzgerald, Knight, and Lord of the Decies, was a prisoner by the order of the Earl of Desmond; and one Plunket, an Irishman, and one Englishman which came and accompanied the traitors out of Spaine. The knight was set at liberty, but the other two were executed. When the captain had yielded himself and the fort appointed to be surrendered, Captain Raleigh, together with Captain Macworth, who had the ward of that day, entered into the castle, and made a great slaughter, many or most part of them being put to the sword." The exact number thus dealt with by Raleigh and Macworth, though not given

in Hooker's "Supplement," appears in Holinshed under the date An. Reg. 23 (1580). "The fort was yeelded, all the Irish men and women hanged; and more than foure hundred Spaniards, Italians, and Biscayes put to the sword; the cornell, capteins, secretarie and others, to the number of twentie, saved for ransom."

The chronicler Hooker, who was an Exeter man and a personal friend of Raleigh's, mentions in a preceding page how the Spaniards had brought armor and munitions of war for five thousand men, "because they knew that the Irishmen were of bodies sufficient, but that they lacked furniture (armor and proper weapons) and training; and in these two things they minded to furnish them."

Some of Raleigh's exploits were such as would entitle him nowadays to the Victoria Cross. In his letter from Cork to Sir Francis Walsingham, of February 23, 1581, after he had been about a year in Ireland, he refers to an escape he had from the seneschal of Imokilly when returning by a circuitous route from Dublin to Cork. His own account of the skirmish, which seems to have taken place at the Ballinacurra River, is very modest:—

In my return from Develin I made a hard escape from the Seneshall in Barre's countree (wher he is always fostered) with xiiii horsemen and threescore footmen.

I was three horsemen, and soun set on horsebacke two Irishe footmen. I coveted to recover a little old castle, in that resun I left three men and three horses. The manner of myne own behaviour I leve to the report of others, but the escape was strange to all men. The castle was a longe mile off from the place wher he first sett on us. Ther is great need of a supply in Munster, for the bandes are all miche decayed.

From that letter Walsingham would learn nothing of the fact that Raleigh most gallantly risked his own life to save one of his followers. Hooker's description of the affair is more minute:—

The capteine (Raleigh) making his retorne from Dubline, and the same well knowne unto the seneschall of Imokellie, through whose countree he was to passe, laie in ambush for him to haue intrapped him betweene Youghall and Corke, lieng at a foord, which the said capteine must passe our with six horsemen, and certain kerne. The capteine little mistrusting anie such matter, had in his companie onelie two horsemen and foure shot on horsebacke, which was too small a force in so doubtfull and dangerous times: neuertheless he had a very good guide, which was the servant of John Fitzedmunds of Clone, a good sub-



ject, and this guide knew euerie corner and starting hole in those places.

The capteine being come towards the foord, the seneschal had spied him alone, his companie being scattered behind, and verie fiercelie pursued him, and crossed him as he was to ride ouer water, but yet he recovered the foord and was passed ouer. The Irishman who was his guide, when he saw the capteine thus alone, and so narrowlie distressed, he shifted for himself and fled into a broken castell fast by, there to saue himselfe. The capteine being thus ouer the water, Henrie Moile, riding alone about a bowes shoot before the rest of his companie, when he was in the middle of the foord his horse foundred and cast him downe; and being afraid that the seneschalls men would have folowed him and have killed him, cried out to the capteine to come and to save his life; who not respecting the danger he himselfe was in, came unto him, and recovered both him and his horse. And then Moile wishing with all hast to leape up, did it with such hast and vehemencie that he quite overlept the horse and fell into a mire fast by, and so his horse ran awaie and was taken by the enemy. The capteine nevertheless staid still, and did abide for the coming of the residue of his companie, of the foure shot which as yet were not come forth, and for his man Jenkin who had about two hundred pounds in monie about him, and sat upon his horse in the meane while, having his staffe in one hand, and his pistoll charged in the other hand."

The chronicler adds that the seneschal, though he was twenty to one in strength, would not face Raleigh's little band again when he saw the captain ready to receive the onset. A leader who risked his life for his soldiers was likely to be well served by them, and when in another skirmish with the Irish his horse was mortally wounded by a dart, Raleigh was saved by two of his band fighting for him against long odds. Hooker gives a vivid account of this:—

When the summer was spent, Captaine Raleigh returned with all his band unto Corke, being in number eight horssemen and four score footmen. And as he passed through the countrie, it was advertised to him that David Barrie, an archtraitor, was at Clone with a great troope of sundrie hundreds of men. Whereupon he thought good to passe that waie through the towne of Clone, minding to trie the valor of David Barrie, if by anie meanes he might meet with him. And euen at the verie towne end he found Barrie and all his companie, and with a lustie courage gave the onset upon him. But Barrie refused it, and fled. And then this capteine passing from thence, in his jorneie he espied in a plaine niere adjoining to a woods sides a companie of footmen by themselves, upon whome with six horssemen he gave the charge; but these being cut off from the wood whereunto they

were flieng, and having not succor now to helpe and relieve themselves, they turned backe and conjoining themselves together to withstand this force and onset made upon them, in which they behaved themselves verie valiantlie, and of the horssees they killed five, of which Capteine Raleigh his horse was one, and he himselfe in great danger, and like to have bene slaine, if his trustie servant Nicholas Wright a Yorkshire man borne had not bin. For he perceiving that his maisters horse was galled and stricken with a dart, and plunged so much, that to his seeming he was past service, the said Nicholas willed and called to an Irishman there, whose name was Patrike Fagaw, that he should looke to his capteine, and either to rescue him, or to give charge upon the enemy. Whereupon the said Fagaw rescued his capteine, and the said Nicholas Wright forthwith gave the onset upon six of the enemies and slue one of them. And therewith came one James Fitzrichard an Irish gentlemen with his kerne to the rescue of the capteine, but his kerne was slaine and himselfe in danger. For Wright not looking on them followed the enemy verie egerlie and recompensed the losse of one with the slaughter of others. Which Capteine Raleigh perceiving cried out to his man saleng, "Wright, if thou be a man, charge above hand and save the gentleman." Who at his maisters commandment pressed into the middle of the enemies, and slue one of them and so saved the gentleman: and in which skirmish his horse leg was cut under him. Diverse footmen were slaine of the enemies, and two were taken prisoners, whome they carried with them to Corke.

His arrest of Lord and Lady Roche about this time has been described as a gallant exploit; but though it involved some danger it was not done without an act of treachery on Raleigh's part, and an abuse of hospitality.

The longer he served, however, the more he complained of the hardships he and his soldiers endured. In a letter dated in 1581, "From Corke, the fyrst of May," he thus writes to the lord deputy of Ireland, Lord Grey de Wilton:—

The bandes of Sir Georg Bowser, Edward Barkley, Captayne Dowdall, and of my self have bine ever since the seconde weeke of Lent remayning in Corke; and both the great wood of Conolothie, Harlo, Clenlis, and all the countie of Lymbricke, and the counties betwene the Dingle and Kilkenny, left without any companie ether to defend itself or any the enemy. Since which tyme wee have made two jurneys: the one towards Kilkenny to give convoie to my Lorde, and attend his returne, and the other into Conolothie, by which jurnes (the one being in horrible wether, and the other utterly botles, being don without draught or espiall, and beside inforst to walke such unreasonable marches as, wher wee dispatched a churrell of the traitors, wee lamed, lost, or left



behynde unserviceable, a soldier or two of our owne) the poore bands have curste the change they made in levying to follow your Honor, as they have tould the Lord Generall many tymes. And this fyrst of May wee ar going another posting convoy towards Kilkenny. But to culler the matter wee shall march some two dayes out of our way to seeke wee know not whome. The store of Cork, except it be a smale quantitie of wheat and butter, is all spent within the walles, and now it wilbe aleged that wee cannot serve for want of vittles, or else because the bandes are not supplied; although wee were never less than fore hundred stronge, and yet both of Sir George Bowcer's and Captain Barkle's companies left at Kilmallock and Asketon. Wee have spent these two monethes of the spring in parles with Barrey Rowe, the Countess of Desmond, and Finnin Macartey; and wee think it wilbe two moneth more er he (Ormond) be resolved whether thes oughte to be followed or no, and yet theris no day passeth without some trayterous villanies by the Barres committed.

A question of some historic interest is solved by a study of Raleigh's Irish campaigns, and indeed by his own admission. How can we account for the success of such small bodies of solders as Elizabeth's captains commanded in the Desmond wars? The bands of Piers, Appesley, and Raleigh seemed for some years to be invincible. Not counting the women and children who were deliberately and systematically butchered,\* they routed over and over again five times their number of Irish gallowglasses; indeed, if Hooker is to be believed, sometimes ten times their number. And yet in the lifetime of Raleigh this was all changed. He lived to hear of Hugh O'Neill, who, to use Mr. Froude's words, destroyed an English army at the ford of the Blackwater — the northern Blackwater. Something of course was due to the courage and skill of men like Raleigh, and the fatal rivalry of the Geraldines and Butlers. But such causes could not account for the early and easy victories over numerous Irish, compared with the fact that under Hugh O'Neill, Owen Roe, and the still later Sarsfield, the Irish troops were a match for an equal number of the enemy, and sometimes defeated the English troops even with a force numerically inferior to them. Raleigh himself explained it. In his "Discourse touching a War with Spain," one of his miscellaneous works not printed till after his death, he says: —

I myself remember that, within these thirty years, two of her Majesty's ships would have

commanded 100 sail of the Spaniards. I remember also, when I was a captain in Ireland, 100 foot and 100 horse would have beaten all the forces of the strongest province. But of late I have known an Easterling fight hand to hand with one of her Majesty's ships, and the Irish in this last war have been victorious with an equal or even with an inferior force. And what is the reason? The Netherlands in those days had wooden guns and the Irish had darts; but the one is now furnished with as great a number of English ordnance as ourselves, and the other with as good pikes and muskets as England hath.\*

Thus Voltaire's libel, which had its origin in the contrast between such campaigns as Raleigh's in Ireland and the subsequent achievements of the Irish brigade on the Continent, is answered by Raleigh himself.

But apart from the fact that for many years the Irish were not met with even weapons, for which of course no one can blame the soldiers, the captains of Elizabeth introduced an infamous system as new to Ireland in the days of Raleigh as the English muskets. In the fifth book of his "History of the World" Raleigh discusses the difference between "killing a man in open field with even weapons, and killing by guile." Writing in the prison of the Tower, he condemns the "lying in wait for blood privily," as "guilfull murder," yet there seems little doubt that he had previously encouraged, if not practiced, the assassination of the Irish landlords and chiefs of his time. He had high official example to guide him. "Practice and subordination," writes Secretary Fenton to Walsingham, "is as necessary as force." Instead of killing the greatest landowner in Munster by what he calls the "uncertain end of arms," the chief secretary of that day records how he told the lord president to get some one to undertake that service "for the hire of a thousand pounds, with some further small gratification of Desmond's lands." The latest biographer of Raleigh, Mr. Edward Edwards, thus deals with his complicity in such transactions: —

On one other important matter, Raleigh, Carew, and Cecil were at one. In regard to what, in the phrase of their day, were called "practices against rebels," they were as little troubled with scruples of conscience as Sir Humphrey Gilbert, or Sir Henry Sidney, or Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton had been a few years earlier. In plain English, "practices against rebels" meant the deliberate assassination of rebels, or even of persons vehemently

\* Lecky, *Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii., p. 105.

† Raleigh's *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. viii., pp. 304-5.



suspected of an intention to rebel. Cecil indeed avowed that he had a rooted objection to the killing of a rebel by poison.

Mr. Edwards here refers to Cecil's objection to the proposal to get rid of the Earl of Tyrone by poison; but I doubt if it is fair to place him exactly on the same footing in this matter as Raleigh and Carew. The latter certainly thought any means lawful by which the lands of the Irish chiefs could be obtained. Mr. Froude quotes a letter of his, written in 1602 to the lord deputy Mountjoy, in which he describes how Hugh O'Donnell, who had gone to Spain for assistance, was followed by a hired assassin, who poisoned him in the castle of Simancas. The assassin, Carew writes, "at his coming in Spain was suspected by O'Donnell, because he embarked at Cork: but afterwards he insinuated his access and O'Donnell is dead. He never told the president in what manner he would kill him; but did assure him it should be effected." That Raleigh and Cecil were not entirely of one mind on this subject seems probable from the following letter, written, Mr. Payne Collier thinks, when Raleigh was in Ireland in October, 1598:

*To the Right Honorable Sir Robert Cecil, Knight,  
Principall Secretary to Her Majestie.*

Sir,—It can be no disgrace if it weare known that the killinge of a rebel weare practised; for you see that the lives of anyoynted princes are daylye sought, and we have always in Ireland geven head money for the killing of rebels who ar evermore proclaymed at a price. So was the Earle of Desmonde and so have all rebels been practised against. Notwithstanding I have written this enclosed to Stafford who only recommended that knave to me upon his credit. Butt for you sealf, you are not to be touched in the matter. And for me, I am more sorrye for beinge deceived than for being declared in the practise.

Your Lordships ever to do you service,

W. RALEGH.

He hathe nothinge under my hand butt a passport.

The knave who got the passport was a paid murderer. Mr. Edwards surmises that the "beinge deceived" refers to a case in which Sir George Carew describes how he himself had hired an assassin, to whom he gave "a pistoll, some munitions, and ten pounds in money," to kill John Fitz Thomas, the owner of a fine estate, but "one Coppinger, sometime a footman to Sir Walter Raleigh, who had promised him (the assassin) faythfullye to assist him," snatched the weapon from his hand as he was about to shoot Fitz Thomas in

Arlow Woods, where they were passing with him alone. Nor was it the example merely of the deputies, chief secretaries, and the presidents of Munster, with whom he associated in Ireland, that Raleigh had to guide him in this dark path. He had opportunities of knowing the queen's secret sentiments, and he could hardly have been ignorant of the confidential precedents established by those who immediately preceded him in the career of "glory and fortune" in Ireland. The manuscripts published in our time by the Rolls Office terminate a controversy raised by John O'Neill, the great chief of Ulster, three hundred years ago. When Sir Henry Sidney invited him to an interview within the Pale, the answer was that "he had much affection for Sir Henry, but that the deputy's predecessor, the Earl of Sussex, had twice attempted to assassinate him. That after such experience his timorous Irish would not trust him any more in English hands." Up to a recent period historians denounced this as a "foul libel upon the blunt and honest Sussex." The national traditions, however, had always supported O'Neill's charges. It was a question of the belief of the long-memoried people on the one side, and the incredulity of ill-informed writers on the other. But now the controversy is at an end. Mr. Froude himself has given the conclusive evidence to the world. In a letter from the Earl of Sussex to Queen Elizabeth, written from Ardrachan on the 24th of August, 1561, he describes the arrival of two messengers from the camp of the victorious Irish chief, one of whom, named Grey, he proceeded to bribe.

I swore him upon the Bible [writes the lord deputy] to keep secret that I should say unto him, and assured him, if it were known during the time I had the government there, that besides the breach of his oath it should cost him his life. I used long circumstance in persuading him to serve your Highness, to benefit his country, and to procure assurance of living to him and his forever by doing of that which he might easily do. He promised to do what I woud. In fine I brake with him to kill Shan O'Neill: and bound myself by an oath to see him have a hundred marks of land by the year to him and to his heirs for his reward. He seemed desirous to serve your Highness and to have the land: but fearful to do it, doubting his own escape after with safety, which he confessed and promised to do by any means he might escaping with his life.

Having quoted this despatch, Mr. Froude says: "Elizabeth's answer—if



she sent any answer—is not discoverable. It is most sadly certain, however, that Sussex was continued in office." He adds: "The lord deputy's assassination plots were but the forlorn resources of a man who felt his work too heavy for him." Two years after this the English troops were again routed. A treaty of peace was accordingly made.

Indentures were drawn [says Mr. Froude] on the 17th of December, 1563, in which the Ulster sovereignty was transferred to O'Neill in everything but the name; and a treaty—such treaty as it was—required only Elizabeth's signature. When a second dark effort was made to cut the knot of the Irish difficulty. As a first evidence of returning cordiality a present of wine was sent to Shan O'Neill from Dublin. It was consumed at his table, but the poison had been unskillfully prepared. It brought him and half his household to the edge of death, but no one actually died. The guilt could not be fixed on Sussex. The crime was traced to an English resident in Dublin named Smith; and if Sussex had been the instigator, his instrument was too faithful to betray him.

But why should Smith betray the lord deputy? When put upon his trial he "confessed his guilt, took the entire responsibility upon himself, and declared that his object was to rid his country of a dangerous enemy." Smith no doubt knew that, though weak in the field, the lord deputy had influence in Dublin, and the result was that the convicted poisoner got off without punishment. Mr. Froude thinks the treachery of the lord deputy, the conduct of the inquiry, and the anomalous termination of it, would have been incredible had not the original correspondence, in which the facts are not denied, been now before us. Referring to the queen's answer to John O'Neill's remonstrance against being thus practised upon, Mr. Froude says: "After the repeated acts of treachery which had been at least meditated towards O'Neill with Elizabeth's knowledge, she was scarcely justified in assuming a tone of innocent anger."

Raleigh knew all this. He knew also that Sir Henry Sidney had finally succeeded where Sussex failed, and that he succeeded by employing a friend and companion of Raleigh. Dr. Taylor describes how the Irish chief proceeded to the camp of the Hebridean Scots. "But," he goes on to say, "an emissary of the government had preceded him. Piers, a British officer, a disgrace to his country and his profession, had undertaken the task of persuading the Scottish chief to

murder his unsuspecting guest. At a given signal, the banqueting-room was filled with soldiers, and all the Irish were slain. O'Neill's head was sent to Dublin, and Piers received a thousand marks from the government as a reward for the murder." Hooker tells us that the head was carried to the lord deputy "by Captain Piers, by whose device the stratagem, or rather tragedie, was practised." Mr. Froude, whilst admitting that O'Neill and his friends in the banqueting-hall were murdered, says but little of Captain Piers's conduct. "Four days later," he tells us, "Piers hacked the head from the body and carried it on a spear's point through Drogheda to Dublin, where, staked upon a pike, it bleached on the battlements of the castle, a symbol to the Irish world of the fate of Celtic heroes." But Mr. Froude fails to see that it was a symbol to the Irish world of something else too.

This Captain Piers, Captain Raleigh, and Sir William Morgan were subsequently joined in the one commission under which they exercised martial law, or rather martial executions without law, in the county of Cork. The lessons which were thus taught to Raleigh, and which he practised without scruple, gained him a great estate and the confidence of Elizabeth, but did not serve him in other certain other influential quarters. The lord treasurer did not like such work. He had contributed to the true glory of his own country and the future happiness of the Netherlands by denouncing the bloody Duke of Alva and opposing the bigotry and tyranny of the foreign rulers of Holland. He looked askance at Sir Walter Raleigh, and treated many of his importunities with silence. The year after Raleigh had written from Cork complaining that the Earl of Ormond was not severe enough in Munster, and that what was wanted was the fire and sword of Sir Humphrey Gilbert (Raleigh's half-brother), who boasted of "putting man, woman, and child to death." Lord Burghley wrote to Sir Henry Wallop, the war treasurer for Ireland, on the 10th of June, 1582, "that the Flemings had not such cause to rebel against the oppression of the Spaniards as the Irish against the tyranny of England." In repeating this sentence of the greatest statesman of the sixteenth century, Mr. Froude observes with truth that Lord Burghley possessed the rare quality of being able to recognize the faults of his own countrymen.

In a still more influential quarter Raleigh's Irish policy was quoted against



him in years to come with fatal effect. Raleigh's letter to Sir Francis Walsingham of 1581, in which he secretly denounces the conduct of his general, the Earl of Ormond, shows his anxiety to get an Irish estate. He begins by saying how he wished to occupy the castle of Barry's Court and the adjoining island, "being a great strength and a safety for all passengers between Corke and Youghall," but the Earl of Ormond, "unwilling any Englishman should have anything, stayed the taking thereof." He then says: "I pray God her Majesty do not finde that she hath spent a hundred thousand pounds more; she shall at last be driven by too dere experience to send an Inglish president to follow these malicious traytors with fier and sword." The English president he suggests in place of Ormond is his own kinsman, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. He then protests that his sole object is the love of the queen and her service.

I beseech your Honor to take my bold writing in good part, protesting before Hyme that knoweth the thoughtes of all hartes that I writ nothing but moved thereto for the love I bere to her Highness and for the furtherance of her service.

A more substantial motive, however, appears in the closing sentences of the letter:—

I beseech your Honor that I may by your means enjoy the keeping of this Barre Court and the island; or that it will please your Honor to writ to my Lord Deputy that he will confirm it unto mee. Thus humble I take my leave, reposing myselfe and my estat upon your Honor's favor.

From Cork the 25th of February.

This estate, which extended from Rostellan Castle to Fota, included one side of Cork harbor, and was coveted by Raleigh for many good reasons. He was a sailor as well as a colonist; and, if he was fated to be the first colonial governor in America, and an administrator of an English colony in Munster, he was destined to be an admiral of the Royal Navy also. Hence his land hunger included not only a strong castle or two, but the idea of a residence near the sea, where he could have easy access to his ships, and where he could indulge his passion for mercantile speculation. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his Oxford lectures says: "The eagles took wing for the Spanish main; the vultures descended upon Ireland." Raleigh seems to have united some of the characteristics of both. Four years after

he was refused Barre Court, and in little more than a year after his first expedition to America, he was a successful suitor to Queen Elizabeth for twelve thousand acres in the province of Munster. A marginal note in her own handwriting on the warrant attests the queen's anxiety to hasten the completion of the grant. Amidst the foreign undertakers who were devouring the lands of the Earl of Desmond and the plunder of the Church, Raleigh evidently was the favorite, and was allowed to pick and choose. He began at the "havan roiall" of Youghal, and at both sides of the river he took the best that could be found. Mr. Edwards says "Raleigh's broad lands were thickly wooded;" and he surmises that this led him into a commercial speculation, which for many years gave him trouble, and involved him in eventual loss. But there was something on this Blackwater property besides timber. A man of Raleigh's literary and historic tastes cannot have been entirely insensible to traditions of intellectual culture, some of them then very recent. From the upper windows of the house he occupied, close to the College of Earl Thomas, he could look across the river to his hills of Ardmore, which hid the *Cloig-theach*, one of the best preserved round towers of Ireland. On this part of his property stood the Oratory of St. Declan, in which he might have seen the mysterious Ogham stones, that are perhaps the earliest efforts at writing in western Europe. If any of the English undertakers noticed such antiquities, it should have been Raleigh, for the only Ogham stone found in England was discovered at Fardel in Devonshire, where his father was born. Molana Abbey, where Raymond le Gros is buried, was granted to Raleigh the year after the monastery was dissolved. The preceptory of the Knights Templars at Rincrew and the confiscated lands of the order were granted to Raleigh by letters patent that are still preserved in the Duke of Devonshire's archives at Lismore. The reputation for learning, which made Lismore known to European scholars before Oxford was founded, may have induced Raleigh to select it as a place for a school; but the school he endowed, like others of later times, was a failure, because it was avowedly established to destroy the faith of the people. He did not, however, trouble himself much with such questions.

The more one looks into the details of Raleigh's connection with Ireland, the



more the accuracy of Mr. Lecky's statement is seen, that theological animosity did not play as leading a part in the Irish history of that time as either modern Catholic writers or historians of Mr. Froude's school appear to think. Raleigh's letters from Ireland also show the soundness of Mr. Lecky's judgment as to the slight importance attached at that time to nationalist views. The idea of the re-establishment of a government of an essentially national character in Ireland became a practical one eighty years later, as Lord Beaconsfield\* has pointed out when referring to the Convention of Kilkenny; and it is an idea that has never been lost sight of since then. But the elevating sentiment of nationality, the antidote, as Mr. Justin McCarthy observes,† to much that is unwholesome, vulgar, and debasing, was overshadowed when Raleigh was in Ireland. The land question was the dominating question of that day. It ruled Raleigh from the moment he set foot in Ireland to the last hour in which he was able to affect the fortunes or misfortunes of the country. Without mentioning his name, Mr. Lecky indicates the real Raleigh spirit when he speaks of the taste for adventure, the dislike of routine, the extreme desire to find out new and rapid paths to wealth, that characterized the Elizabethan age — a desire showing itself in the form of discovery, of piracy, of a passion for Irish land. The government policy was, as Mr. Lecky says, to root out the Irish from the soil, to confiscate the property of the septs, and plant the country with English tenants. He observes how Edmund Burke, in one of his letters to Sir Hercules Langrishe, gives the real cue to Irish history from the accession of Elizabeth, in asserting that the true genius and policy of the English government was directed to the total extirpation of the interests of the natives in their own soil; that this was the original scheme, and that it was never deviated from for a single hour during the whole reign of Elizabeth. That Edmund Burke should have thus, in a passing remark, shown so exact an appreciation of the subject, Mr. Lecky attributes to his great intellect as well as to the fact that he studied Irish history with care. But the little boy that was reared at Castletown Rock, and Monaninng on the banks of the Blackwater, where the estates of Raleigh came close to those of

Spenser, and in the midst of a peasantry ever whispering of those days, may possibly have picked up something in his Uncle Nagle's house and in the school near Kilaullen more useful to him as a student of real history than what he afterwards found in the library of Trinity College. But though in the days of Raleigh the land question thus dwarfed the religious and the purely national ones, it is impossible not to see that whatever influence the Catholic Church and the awakening national sentiment of Ireland could exercise, was a conservative influence in the truest sense of the word — that it was an influence on the side of order, of an ancient civilization and of property, as opposed to the destructive policy of men like Raleigh.

In addition to the women and children, there were other helpless and innocent objects to be rooted out as enemies to Queen Elizabeth; and, as to these, no man cut down and destroyed more than Raleigh. In a letter addressed to Lord Burghley in the year 1588, Mr. George Longe urges the lord treasurer to transfer to Ireland thirteen out of the fifteen glass manufactories then existing in England, for the reason that "the woods in England will be thereby preserved and the superfluous woods in Ireland wasted, than which in time of rebellion her Majesty hath no greater enemy there."\* Raleigh, actuated by a better motive, that of simply trying to make money, brought over bands of English woodcutters, and soon made short work of venerable groves of oak and yew trees, wherever the waterway of the Avonduie and its tributaries could convey the lumber to his ships at Youghal. He obtained a monopoly for exporting pipe-staves to the Continent, and for some years the wines of France, Spain, and even Italy came to England in hogsheads of Irish wood. Raleigh's letters and the Privy Council Records show that this destructive monopoly reacted upon him in reputation and in purse. It involved him in lawsuits, and in quarrels with the executive. But, like his political policy, it left its marks on the country. When Spenser first welcomed Raleigh to Kilcolman Castle, he says it was

bordered with a wood  
Of matchless height, that seem'd the earth to  
disdain,  
In which all trees of honour stately stood.  
In a few years not a tree was left, and the

\* Speech on the state of Ireland, February 16, 1844.

† *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1880, p. 421.

\* Sir H. Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iii., p. 159.



demesne that was described as "the woody Kilcoman" became a few naked fields surrounding the bare and burnt walls of the castle. And so throughout Cork, Kerry, Tipperary, and Waterford, Elizabeth's undertakers did their work. The ancient chroniclers who called Ireland *Fiodha Iuis*, the island of the trees, did so not merely because it was well wooded by nature, but because the natives, at a time when little was known elsewhere of the advantages of tree-planting, fostered the art, and especially surrounded the numerous abbeys, the seats of religion and learning, with groves. Even Mr. Froude cannot read the testimony of one of Raleigh's comrades on this subject without drawing the contrast between the Irish "traitors" and the English undertakers. In Sir R. White's diary (1580) he says: "A fairer land the sun did never shine upon; pity to see it lying waste in the hands of traitors;" whereupon Mr. Froude observes: "Yet it was by those traitors that the woods, whose beauty they so admired, had been planted and fostered. Irish hands, unaided by English art or English wealth, had built Muckross and Innisfallen and Aghadoe."\*

Whether or not Lord Burghley's correspondent was right in saying that the queen had no greater enemy than the Irish trees, their fate, at all events, showed the possibility of a physical destruction that time has been unable to repair. With the people the result has been different, though they were treated to a similar process by the same men.

Mr. Froude has reminded us more than once of what Sir Walter Raleigh's first master, Lord Grey, said, that the only way to deal with Ireland was by "a Mahometan conquest." Within the last few months,† Mr. Froude has again referred to Lord Grey's suggestion as "a cruel but in the long run merciful one," if Ireland is to be kept in subjection. Indeed, the great historian has never disguised his opinion that a system of unrelenting severity and a bold attempt at extermination was what was wanted. Had Cromwell lived, he has often told us, the experiment would have been worked out. But he has hardly done justice to the great Protector or to the difficulties in his way, nor has he done justice to his own favorite theme, for as regards the latter he has overlooked the fact that his experiment was actually

tried, and, as far as it was possible, thoroughly tried. It was tried under circumstances the most favorable for its success, and such as never can occur again. It was tried by a man of genius, daring, and no scruples — by a man who did not stand alone, but, with his resolute companions, was backed up by whatever force England could afford to give him and to them. It was tried at a time more likely to insure success than in the days of Cromwell — at a time when novel improvements had been effected in the art of war and new weapons had been brought into use, but improvements and weapons employed, as Raleigh himself tells us, for some years by one side only. The man who, with these advantages, was able to try the experiment was not open to the imputation that Mr. Froude lays against the Geraldines and the still later Boyles and Cavendishes, that with their Irish estates they acquired some Irish feeling, and did not look at Ireland from a purely English point of view only. Mr. Edward Edwards says (vol. i., p. 320): —

With the interests of Ireland, indeed, Raleigh gave himself no trouble. He looked at Irish affairs, just as his fellow-soldiers and fellow-councillors looked at them, with preoccupations exclusively English. In Ireland he was an English soldier and an English planter, and he was nothing more. . . . His face was set as flint against peddling interferences and temporary expedients in dealing with great evils. To cut the tap root rather than to spend precious time in pruning the branches was his maxim. And it may well be that occasionally he pressed it unduly.

Here was a man to Mr. Froude's heart. He not only wielded the sword himself, but, having gained the ear of his queen by the thoroughness of his Irish policy, he never wavered in advising her to maintain undeviating severity, and the despotic ruler acted upon that advice. The wise lord treasurer had to submit in silence, and see the Mahometan system tried by this bold and vigorous captain and his martial-law companions — not tried by fits and starts or for a few years only, but tried as persistently as they could do it and over a long period. The reign of Queen Elizabeth was not a short one. From the time when the lord deputy Sussex arranged with her for the assassination of John O'Neill down to her last interview with Raleigh was a period of forty years. During that time the only servants she rewarded for work in Ireland were the Mahometan-conquest ones. It was not victories she rewarded so much

\* History of England, vol. xi., p. 225.

† *Nineteenth Century*, September, 1880, p. 349.



as severity and the effort to exterminate. Sussex, with his hired assassins and poisoners, was a failure, but still he was rewarded. Ormond and the second Essex were recalled by her from Ireland, partly because Raleigh whispered that they mingled some thought of Irish interests in the English work she had given to them. Mr. Froude quotes Ormond's indignant letter to Burghley:—

My Lord, the clause in the Queen's letter seems most strange to me. I will never use treachery to any, for it will both touch her Highness' honor too much and mine own credit; and whosoever gave the Queen advice thus to write to me is fitter to execute such base service than I am. Saving my duty to her Majesty, I would I were to have revenge by my sword of any man that thus persuaded the Queen to write to me.

Raleigh was then at court. His letters written from Cork in 1580 and 1581, secretly denouncing his general for not using the fire and sword enough, had gained him the queen's regard before the romantic incidents of the velvet cloak and the lines written with the diamond ring upon the window occurred, or were invented. Ormond, it might be thought, was as unrelenting and thorough as Mr. Froude could wish, but he was not prepared to go quite as far as the Gilberts and Carews, to get the Irish to come in from the woods and mountains of Duhallow under pledges of protection for their lives, and then, seizing them unprepared, to hang them up, as Raleigh did, from the North-Gate bridge to the Red Abbey of Cork. Mr. Froude's comment upon Ormond's letter of 1583 points, in a few words, the contrast between him and the English captains to whose charge Ireland was for so many years entrusted by Elizabeth: "To Ormond the Irish were human beings with human rights. To the English they were vermin to be cleared off the earth by any means that offered."\*

Having referred to the consistency with which Raleigh counselled the queen to maintain an unrelenting demeanor towards the Irish, from the first word she heard him utter in 1582 to the last time she saw him in 1602, Mr. Edwards goes on to say how he did this alike in open conference with the queen and in his private advice to her ministers. He refers to his last recorded interview with Elizabeth about three months before her fatal illness. The question was what should

be done with respect to Cormac MacDermid, lord of Muskerry. Cecil in his letter to Sir George Carew of November 4, 1602, mentions how he reported to her Highness that the president of Munster had already spoiled the country and taken the castles of Cormac. The fire and sword had swept from Carrigrohane to Inchigeelagh. The queen heard again the words which for over forty years had been so often repeated at her council table. "The rebels' country is utterly spoiled." Cecil thought some mercy might be shown to the hunted chief whose people were slain and whose castles were ruined, but he tells how the queen turned to Sir Walter Raleigh. "Whereupon Sir Walter very earnestly moved her Highness to reject Cormac MacDermid." He gave the old and sufficient reason, "because his country was worth her keeping." The queen, he adds, was "so wrought upon by Raleigh's advice as to give special charge about the next despatches to Munster: no pardon should be given to Cormac MacDermid."

Such was Raleigh's last advice to Elizabeth. In a few months another sovereign was on the throne, and before long the friends of Ormond and of Essex were reminding the new king that the gallant captain of the guard had little scruples about the shedding of blood.

And here the question may perhaps be asked, how comes it that Mr. Froude tells us nothing of Raleigh's doings in Ireland and of his Irish policy? The one vague reference to him, as having accompanied Lord Grey to the west of Ireland in 1580, is all he tells us about Raleigh. Mr. Froude says not a word about his being for twenty years the favorite adviser of the queen on Irish affairs; not a word about the special training she desired, under her royal warrant of February, 1582, that he should continue to receive in Irish affairs; not a word about his successful intrigue against Ormond, nor a word about the reward he got of twelve thousand acres in Munster. Of his doings as deputy president of Munster, as governor of Cork, as mayor of Youghal, as the daring leader of the English soldiers in many a raid from the mouth of the Blackwater to the sources of the Lee, Mr. Froude is also silent. But on the last and not least important point—the result of the policy so recommended and enforced—Mr. Froude speaks out. "The entire province of Munster," he says, "was utterly depopulated. Hecatombs of helpless crea-

\* Froude's *History of England*, vol. xi., p. 253.



tures, the aged, and the sick, and the blind, the young mother and the babe at her breast, had fallen under the English sword; and though the authentic details of the struggle have been forgotten, the memory of a vague horror remains imprinted in the national traditions."

The contemporary chronicle, Hooker's "Supplement to Hollinshed," which is so often quoted by Mr. Froude, describes all this, and gloats over it as a notable and rare example of a people being justly rooted out, as the true and rational settlement of the Irish difficulty. Hooker appropriately dedicates his record of those Irish wars to Sir Walter Raleigh, on the ground that the "right worthy and honorable gentleman and knight" was "a partie and a doer, a painfull and a faithful servitor" in those transactions, the effect of which he thus sums up in the same "Epistle Dedicatorie": "The common people such as escaped the sword all for the most part are perished with famine or fled the countrie. The land itself from beinge verie fertile, is waxed barren, yeelding nor corne nor fruits — the pastures without cattell: nothing there to be seene but miserie and desolation."

Here then was Mr. Froude's system tried. All succeeding efforts in that direction were less thorough. The "curse of Cromwell," the broken treaty of 1691, the events of eighty and eighty-two years ago, these were of the same character, no doubt, but less thorough. They have, however, served to stereotype that vague horror which Mr. Froude tells us remains in the traditions of the people of Ireland.

Are those terrible traditions all that remain of Raleigh's days in Ireland? How long are they to remain? What has been their effect in a country where the two main elements of social order — the religion of the people and the national sentiment — have not been allowed to play their legitimate part in the government? Are those traditions growing, as political agents, less powerful with the increasing strength of popular spirit in Europe? How far does a frank admission of their vitality and their force enable us to look into the future? Some of these are questions for practical politicians to consider, who either hold the helm or aspire to do so. A mere student of history must be content to answer the first question only and to turn to the more pleasing reminiscences of Raleigh — to think of him wandering with Lord Grey's secretary beneath "the green alders by the Mulla's shore," or sitting in the deep

embrasured window of the warden's house reading the manuscript of his brother poet and then "æmuling" the pipe of Spenser, who tells us

His song was all a lamentable lay  
Of great unkindnesse, and of usage hard;

the unkindness of the queen who in some jealous fit had exiled him to his Irish estates — to the country which he had contributed to render not "a common wealth but common woe."\* The advice he gave to Spenser in the old house in Youghal and in the spoiled and desolate fields of Desmond was an event in English literature.

When thus our pipes we both had wearied well  
(Quoth he), and each an end of singing made,

He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,  
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,  
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,  
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.  
The which to leave, thenceforthe he counseled mee.

The noble sonnet that Raleigh then wrote, in which he says, —

All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen,  
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,

and the sound advice he gave Spenser, well earned for him the immortal distinction of the dedication written in Kilcolman Castle beginning, —

To thee, that art the summer's nightingale,  
Thy Sovereign Goddess's most dear delight.

Indeed that dedication was due to him, to his literary genius, to his critical taste, to his encouragement of the exiled poet, as much as the dedication by Hooker of the "Chronicles of Ireland" had been won by his sword and halberd.

The richly perfumed yellow wallflowers that he brought to Europe, and the Affane cherry, are still growing where he first planted them by the Blackwater, the spot where he had both smoked and planted tobacco in Youghal; and the still more famous sunny corner can be seen where the town wall of the twelfth century bounds the garden of the warden's house, for in that spot the first Irish potato was planted by him, and in that garden he gave the tubers to the ancestor of the present Lord Southwell, by whom they

\* In a letter to the Earl of Leicester, from the camp of Leismore, Ireland, Raleigh says: "I will not trouble your Honor with the bussiness of this loste land; for that Sir Warram Seantleger can best of any man deliver unto your lordshipe, the good, the bad, the mischiefs, the means to amend, and all in all of this Commonwelthe or rather Common Woo."



were spread throughout the province of Munster. How different would the popular traditions respecting Raleigh in Ireland be, if his taste in such things and his literary genius had not been overshadowed by what the great lord treasurer of to-day calls "the barbarous art of war"!

He himself recalled Irish memories sometimes unaccountably. In his great folio he illustrates the long lives of the patriarchs by his own knowledge of a lady who lived about two miles from Youghal. "I myself," he says, "knew the old Countess of Desmond of Inchiquin in Munster, who lived in the year 1589 and many years since, who was married in Edward the Fourth's time, and held her jointure from all Earls of Desmond since then; and that this is true all the noblemen and gentlemen of Munster can witness." This lady, the Countess Catherine of Desmond, was born in 1464, the year in which the eighth earl built Sir Walter Raleigh's house. In a letter written after he had sold his Irish estates to Mr. Boyle he says: "There remains unto me but an old castle and demesne which are yet in the occupation of the old Countess of Desmond for her jointure." From this it would appear that she was then one hundred and thirty-eight years of age.

The night before the scaffold something made him think of Ireland. In a paper endorsed by Sir Thomas Wilson, the keeper of the Tower, "A copy of the note written by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his owne hand, which he gave me in discharge of his conscience," is the following:—

There is a lease in controversy between the Lord Boyle and one Henry Pine of the castle and lands of Mogile in the county of Corck in Ireland; and although I did write something at my going from Ireland towards Guiana to the prejudice of Pine's lease, yet since that time better bethinking myself, I desire that the opinion which I gave of Pine's lesse may be no evidence in law against Pine, but that it may be left to other proofs on both sides.

This simple reference, at such a moment, to his long-lost Irish estates is pathetic, and, though on a trivial matter, it is something to record that his last thought of Ireland was one of reparation for an accidental injustice.

Of Raleigh's Irish residences, the old castle in Cork is gone, and on the spot where he wrote despatches to Walsingham and Cecil there now stand the prosaic warerooms of one of the members

for the city; the Barre Court of his day is gone, and the island he held for a short time is now Queenstown; the Lismore Castle where the popular Duke of Devonshire and Lord Hartington occasionally visit and administer the estate in a very different spirit from Raleigh's, is not, except in its foundation stones, the castle of the fifteenth century. Kilcolman Castle is a roofless, ivyclad ruin on the well-managed property of a descendant of the Barrys with whom Raleigh fought; but no alders can now be seen on the banks of the Mulla. The only house in which he lived that has survived the burnings, reprisals, and destructive raids that swept away so many buildings in Ireland, is the warden's house of the College of Youghal, to which he took a fancy because of its resemblance to the old manor-house at East Budleigh where he was born. When Mr. Crofton Croker sixty years ago visited Youghal, he thus described it:—

The house of the ill-fated Sir Walter Raleigh, who was mayor of the town in 1583, is still to be seen nearly in the same state as when inhabited by him; and many objects are pointed out to which the charm of traditional anecdote is attached. It is long and low, the exterior plain and heavy, resembling the common English manorhouse of his time. In the interior those rooms which we saw were completely lined with small oaken panels, and had large wooden chimney-pieces, embellished with very beautiful carved work.

Thomas Dyneley, in Charles the Second's reign, notices "the well wrought, ancient chimney pieces" and the "extrem pleasant garden." But the most accurate description of Raleigh's house is that published in 1852 by the Rev. Samuel Hayman, the historiographer of Youghal. He speaks of the solid mementos of the fifteenth century, the walls five feet thick, the deep projecting bay-window and porch, the orieoled closet, the high-pointed gables and gablets, and the great, towering chimneys.

A large dining-room [he says] is on the ground floor, from which is a subterranean passage connecting the house with the old tower of St. Mary's Church. In one of the kitchens the ancient wide arched fireplace remains. The walls are in great part wainscoted with Irish oak. The drawing-room—Sir Walter's study—retains most of its ancient beauty in the preservation of its fine dark wainscot, deep projecting windows, and richly carved oak mantelpiece rising in the full pride of Elizabethan style to the height of the ceiling. The cornice rests upon three figures, representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, between which are enriched circular-headed panels, and a



variety of emblematical devices fill up the rest of the structure. In the adjoining bedroom is another mantelpiece of oak, barbarously painted over. The Dutch tiles of the fireplace are about four inches square, with various devices inscribed in a circular border. Behind the wainscoting of this room, a recess was a few years ago revealed in which a part of the old monkish library, hidden at the period of the Reformation, was discovered.

Some of the books Mr. Hayman describes may have been gifts to the warden from James, the ninth earl, and Maurice, the tenth earl of Desmond, both of whom supported and enriched the educational foundation of their great ancestor, the good Earl Thomas. But one of the fifteenth-century volumes, Peter Comestor's "*Historia Scholastica*," is quoted by Sir Walter Raleigh in the second book of the first part of his "History of the World." In the same recess was also found a black-letter volume, printed at Mantua in 1479, of Scriptural events in the history of the world from the creation to the days of the apostles. The elder Disraeli has argued that Raleigh could not have written the whole of his erudite folio himself, because he had not the books of reference in the Tower of London. But the discovery of one of the first editions of Comestor, and the black-letter epitome of early historical events, in the little recess in his Youghal bedroom, may indicate the possibility that Raleigh had been taking notes from the remnant of the Desmond library for the *opus magnum* during his frequent Irish exiles.

In appearance, what manner of man was Raleigh when in Ireland? There was much change, of course, from the dashing captain of eight-and-twenty, when he was putting the unarmed men to the sword and hanging the women in Dingle Bay, to the admiral of sixty-five, who, between the Tower and the scaffold, visited his old haunts in the county of Cork for the last time in the three summer months of 1617. But all accounts agree in giving him a commanding presence, a handsome and well-compacted figure, a forehead rather too high; the lower part of his face, though partly hidden by the moustache and peaked beard, showing rare resolution. His portrait, a life-sized head, painted when he was mayor of Youghal, was recently presented to the owner of his house, where it had been years ago, by the senior member for the county of Waterford; and another original picture of him when in Ireland is in the possession of the Rev. Pierce W. Drew of Youghal.

Both these Irish pictures show the same lofty brow and firm lips. There is an old and much-prized engraving by Vander Werff of Amsterdam that seems to combine all his characteristic features — the extraordinarily high forehead, the intelligent eyes, the same large but well-shaped nose, the moustache and peaked beard, ill concealing a too determined mouth. The likeness is most striking. But there are accessories in this famous engraving that seem to identify it, even more than the mere resemblance of the features, with Raleigh's career in Ireland. The knightly personage in armor is shrouded in the skin of a wolf; the wolf's head shows its sharp fangs at the top of the picture; two human skulls are beneath, the eyeless sockets of one being directed upwards to the portrait, with an expression, as far as a poor skull can have expression, of reproach and woe. Both skulls rest on the torch and sword, the dagger of the assassin and the halberd. Surely that must be Raleigh? Looking closer, however, it is found to be but the picture of one of his contemporaries and rivals in glory, Ferdinand of Toledo, the Duke of Alva.

The best summary of Raleigh's career in Ireland is to be found in the brilliant little "History of Cork" by my friend Mr. John George McCarthy, ex-member for Mallow: \*—

Sir Walter [says the local historian] lived in the suburb which we now call Tivoli, where cedars planted by him still stand. From Cork he wrote those wonderful letters in which he, a brilliant cavalier of eight-and-twenty, seeks, with quaint felicity of style, to persuade Queen Elizabeth, then a maiden of seventy, that he was madly in love with her. Cork was his headquarters in a long series of military services against the MacCarthys, the Desmonds, the Roches, and the Barrys. Some of these services were notable for knightly valor, others for unknighly wiles. Thus at Middleton, then called Chore Abbey, close to where the distillery now stands, he, single-handed, confronted Fitzgerald, seneschal of Immokilly, with a host, and held the fort until his companions came up. Thus at Castletown he disguised himself as a benighted traveller, sought admission to Lord Roche's Castle, was hospitably received, and, when supper was over, announced to his host and Lady Roche that they were his prisoners, that their castle was surrounded by his troops, and that they should forthwith go to Cork gaol. By such quaint love-making and such daring exploits he obtained a royal grant of thirty-six thousand acres of the forfeited Desmond estates. He went to reside at

\* McCarthy's History of Cork, eighth edition, p. 30.



Youghal, and there, in a spot still indicated, grew the first of all Irish potatoes. But a quiet country life did not suit so brilliant an adventurer. He left Ireland, sailed for America, discovered Virginia, stormed Guiana, and bore home to England the splendid spoil of many a Spanish galleon. He soon afterwards fell into disgrace, and was imprisoned for ten years in the Tower of London. There he wrote his famous "History of the World." He came back to Cork a ruined man, sold the vast Desmond estates for one thousand crowns, and sailed from under the walls of Dundanion Castle on his last desperate adventure to seek an Eldorado in the Indies, whence he returned "broken," as he said, "in brain and heart," to die a traitor's death at Whitehall.

JOHN POPE HENNESSY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

UNCLE Z.

"Well, then," I said at length, in despair, "if I cannot read a book, I will write one." — Preface to "Tales of a Traveller," by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

CHAPTER X.

MY EXPERIENCE OF THE SPRING OF ST. BONIFACE.

"AND why should not I drink of the fountain of St. Boniface this evening as well as at any other time?" And as I was thus interrogating myself, I saw a tall, pleasant-looking country girl tripping down the steep forest path into the main road. She carried on her head with great ease a small brazen pitcher. As I came up to her, I at once put the question on my lips: "Can you tell me where is the fountain of St. Boniface?"

She smiled a very good-humored smile, and answered, "Certainly; for I have just brought this pitcher of water from the source. A blessed spring indeed for a good Christian! It is full of health. There is no water like it. And it is more abundant in summer weather than it is in winter. If you follow the path I have just left you cannot fail but you must find it. Good-evening, stranger," and on she went.

I hesitated for a few moments, but determined that I would lose no time in seeing this wonderful spring, and like a knight in the "Faerie Queene," I would brave the enchantment. I began to run up the hill vigorously, but soon found it much steeper than I expected, and slackened my efforts. The path was indeed well worn and easily traced. The sun still poured its rays of golden light obliquely through the branches of the

firs, which only partly shaded me from the dazzle of them. I heard the roar of the great waterfall, which could not be far off. I had risen about a couple of hundred feet above the road where I had met the peasant girl, and I found myself close up to a little cleared space in the forest, above which stood a great mass of granite rock with its base clothed in tender oak-ferns, the carpet in front wonderfully green from ever-recurring moisture supplied by a little rivulet gushing from the rock, which seemed pierced by it, at about three feet from the ground. A rude wooden spout had been inserted by the peasants to enable them better to fill their pitchers; from this duct the little stream was falling, crystal clear, into its natural basin of pebbles below. I stood entranced.

"One quaff at least to-night, if only to refute my friend the priest when we meet again;" and I pulled out my flask and stepped across the verdure to fill it. But, oh horror! as I approached the stream ebbed away, and when I held out my cup it was dry!

There was no delusion. no mistake. The rock was barren as the wilderness rock untouched by the Lawgiver's rod.

I stood bewildered, and I will add, somewhat ashamed. There was nothing for it but to retrace my steps. It was an ignominious retreat; but, evidently, the sooner it was made the better. At all events I consoled myself with the reflection that there had been no eye-witnesses, and there was no reason to proclaim my discomfiture to the world. I would say nothing in the matter of any sort. Perhaps I might have some other opportunity of investigating the ground more narrowly. But certainly I had seen enough of the situation to be sure that there was, that there could be, no deception. That solid granite rock from which mine own eyes had seen the water gush, and suddenly cease! I must fall back upon the hackneyed aphorism of Hamlet, —

There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Then that strange, foolish story of the priest. What possible connection could there be between my ill-humor (supposing that I was ill-humored) and an old saint in, perhaps, the darkest age of Christianity? That of course was absurd. Perhaps, after all, it was a spring like the intermitting well at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, which ebbed and flowed, so I



had heard, nobody knew how or why. Then at Henley-on-Thames in Oxfordshire, I had seen in some gazetteer that there was a rivulet that ran once in five or seven years, and then suddenly stopped, even in the winter months; and the cause either of the cessation or of the arrival of the stream was a mystery to the present day. Might not the phenomenon of which I had just been the spectator be classed in the same category? But of course this would not account for the coincidence of the phenomenon with the exact time of my arrival. In short, my musings only added to my perplexity, to my vexation, and, it must be confessed, to my ill-humor.

But my troubles were not yet over. I must blush to record how a matter of very small moment aggravated my crossness. I was drawing nearer and nearer to my uncle's home, but had been paying very little attention to my route, so that really I was not aware how near I was to it. Unawares, also, I had allowed a peasant's cart, laden with brushwood, to come up with me just as I was going down the last slope of the road, before the ascent towards the Tower-house. A clumsy conveyance, drawn by donkeys, and under the charge of a rude, wild-looking forest boy, who, with or without intention of annoying me, grinned as he passed me in my abstracted state, and shouted at me a rough warning to mind the projecting contents of his cart. One switch actually touched my face at the same moment; and, startled and confused, as I turned hastily to escape further damage, I fell in the road, which then was coated with hot dust. When I got up I presented a very ignoble, not to say ludicrous, appearance. The cart-boy uttered a fiendish laugh, smacked his whip, and hastened on with his long-eared companions. There was nothing to be done but to hurry to my room as quickly as possible; and I rushed up the little elevation, hot and uncomfortable, and feeling that I was a just object of derision.

But it was an unlucky moment, for the tall form of Count Z. stood just before the entrance, and I saw that the man who stood with him was Ulric, who evidently had taken a mischievous delight in pointing out to my uncle the accident that I had met with, and did not conceal his tormenting smile of pleasure at my forlorn appearance. Even the count could hardly refrain from the infection, and could only enough command his features to say, —

"Why, nephew, your old uncle seems to have got through his long summer

day's work better than you, who, I suspect, had not so far to go nor as much to do. Undust yourself as quickly as you may, and let us see what sort of refreshment Gretchen has prepared for us; for I assure you that I at least have earned it."

Glad of an excuse to escape as rapidly as I could, I hurried to my room with a flying promise that I would soon rejoin him. And though I made a rapid toilet, I took some pains, I remember, that it should not be an unbecoming one; for I was really anxious to produce a good impression on my uncle, and was terribly afraid that Ulric might be saying something to my disadvantage.

When the toilet was finished, I descended and found the count prepared for me. He also had changed his walking-dress for a suit which, though it must have seen many a summer, would not have been unfitted for a court — all black, silk stockings up to the knees, bright steel buckles on his shoes, and a small red decoration on his coat. A spotless frill of white adorned his breast. It was exactly the costume which you would not have expected to have found in the heart of a German forest. A short friendly examination of my doings during the host's absence soon put me at my ease. The conversation was carried on chiefly in French, though every now and then it was interlarded with German sentences, in which the old man was pleased to find me sufficiently fluent to follow him when he glided naturally into his native language — though, except for the matter of a slightly deficient pronunciation, he expressed himself in the former language as gracefully as a Parisian.

When the repast was served, it did not hinder, it rather quickened, our resources of talk. It was a German repast, and yet it had nothing unpleasant in its nationality. The roe venison was free from poisonous sauces, and the German pudding has defied any rivalry in the same line whenever I have attempted to obtain in England similar results from the same ingredients.

The count ate very sparingly, and drank chiefly water, though he pledged me in a glass of wine from the cellars of Prince Metternich. He had been allowed to obtain a cask as an especial privilege. A huge plate of wood strawberries, with a rich bowl of cream, formed the dessert. I mention these matters as part of the picture of the man, who, in all he did, displayed self-denial and refinement. Noth-



ing was in excess: all seemed to be endowed with a sort of natural fitness, and all went on without an effort.

We adjourned afterwards to that inner apartment where he more generally lived, and in one corner of which lived also his favorite organ, which I learnt soon to consider as having a spirit of its own, such a peculiar vitality haunted its chords, and gave variety to its expression. Perhaps the fault of this chamber was that, large as it was—for it seemed to occupy almost all the base of the old tower—it was somewhat overcrowded with treasures, many of which he showed and explained to me before the end of my stay. But on this particular evening the inhabitant of the room himself formed my almost exclusive study, and my special admiration. Through after years the retrospect of that evening has continued a sort of fascination to me. It may be that the mellowing effect of time has added something to its enchantment; but I have often asked myself why after-dinner conversations in later life have seemed so often rather as an ordeal to be undergone than as a pleasure which it required an effort to interrupt. And I set it down to two causes: first, because the dinner itself has degenerated into a tedious banquet; and secondly, because the guests themselves have such shallow resources out of which to supply the feast of reason, which is exactly the converse to the richness of the entertainment.

It was very different with Count Z. Perhaps the comparative isolation of his present life from the world's ordinary topics of thought and speech had enabled him better to digest and arrange the store which he had laid up for his age in past days. So it was, however, that this evening he surpassed himself, both in the matter and in the expression of it. And perhaps I may take this credit to myself, that I was a good listener, which is sometimes necessary to make a good talker, and which, I have observed, always makes a better one.

At length the moon streamed so vividly through the unshuttered window that we shifted our position, and were reminded how much the night had advanced. My uncle then went to the door and whistled on a long, silver whistle, which was, I concluded, the signal for supplying the organ with wind; for suddenly he sat down and played, with wonderful ease and power, one of Bach's difficult fugues, and then embracing me with a marked tenderness, dismissed me for the night's

repose. But for some time after, the organ music seemed to blend with the music of the night, and for a yet longer time the lights were not extinct in the silent tower.

No sooner did the spell of Count Z.'s presence cease, and I found myself alone in my bedroom at the open window, than once again the events of the day crowded upon me, and my perplexity over the adventure at the fountain returned. I regretted that I had not told my host of the circumstances. At the time, I said to myself that the reason of my silence was the fear of his ridicule; but in after years I was convinced that I feared more his reproof for my continued dislike of Ulric. I became thoroughly uncomfortable. I was tired, but I did not feel inclined for sleep, and my restlessness increased upon me. Again and again I looked out upon the night, and on the passing clouds, which slowly veiled or unveiled the moon as they were swayed by the breeze, while downwards nearer to the earth it did not suffice to agitate the motionless pine-tops.

After all, the fountain was not very far off, and the temperature delicious; why should I not once more go forth, and prove to myself that I had been mistaken? There could be no one to spy my action in the matter, or to ask foolish questions about my absence. There was not a sound from the adjacent town. The busy watchmakers were all asleep; it seemed almost as if time itself must have gone to sleep too.

I took down hat and stick, and quietly—though I had no idea that any one could be disturbed by my footsteps—I reached the hall and left the house.

Something moved on the adjoining tree, and bundled out of it with a strange cry, and caused me to start back nervously and clutch my stick more defensively. But the disturber was only a white owl. It took the direction of the road which I was to travel; and saying to myself that it should be a good omen, on I went after it. I soon passed the torrent, and saw in the distance the white pillar of falling waters which gleamed in the moonbeams; whilst the noise of their descent seemed to occupy the air to the exclusion of other sounds, and by their contribution to the charms of a summer night, to satisfy the listening ear of the traveller. Easily, too, I mounted my old path, which brought me very faithfully to the glen, with its granite rock and giant pines, and, surely enough, to the white little cascade of the



spring of St. Boniface. There it was, as I first had seen it, limpid, gentle, fresh — a marked contrast to the roaring cataracts in the near vicinity; and not any superstitious legend, nor the recollection of an impertinent foreign artisan, should hinder me from tasting this night the water of such a delightful source. I advanced boldly to the small wooden duct at which, as I said, the peasants caught the treasured liquid, and deliberately prepared to drink, with as little detriment as possible to my coat. But as I deliberated, to my amazement even more than to my horror, the pleasant stream ceased, and the damp woodwork seemed to strike a chill to my disappointed lips!

I was fairly dazed and cowed, and there was nothing for it but ignominiously to retrace my steps.

I felt angry with myself, with the priest, with Ulric, and with everything. My spirit rose with my ill-temper, and I seemed to long to have somebody to quarrel with and to defy. I looked, I listened, to see and hear if there was any one against whom I could vent my spleen. I saw nothing but the long shadows of the pines on the cleared space before the spring. I heard nothing but the distant plunging of the Fallbach from one ledge of rock to another. Just, indeed, as I was leaving the glen, I thought I heard a rustle, and even a footstep, near the basin, and turned round hastily; but still I saw nothing. I went back even, and looked behind the granite rock; but all was still, terribly still. I must get home as I could; and in the lonely silence go home I did, opened the house door, re-fastened the easy bolt, and regained my room, where my fatigue soon conquered my vexation, and I slept far into the bright sunshine of the morrow.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### A DAY'S SPORT WITH UNCLE Z.

MY uncle had long been on the alert when I came down the next day, and he rallied me on my sluggishness, but added, good-humoredly, —

"The fresh air of the mountains has sometimes a sleepy effect on the youths even of our plains; and we must make all allowances for your English habits. When you have been braced up by a few days of residence, we shall have you impatient for a hunter's breakfast. Old fellow as I am, I like an excuse for losing myself in the woods, and seeing creatures, which wisely avoid mankind in general, un-

wares. But I never destroy more than is needed for my own consumption, or, still better, now and then for a sick neighbor. Shall we go, then, to-day, and try whether we can find a roebuck? Yes" (seeing a look of approbation on my face); "and you shall shoot it, if you can manage it with an old German fowling-piece — I myself cannot bear to kill them. What was your Shakespeare's name for them?"

The native burghers of this desert city.

And I, too, without any right over them as their prince — only the kindly delegated authority from their duke. Ah! I do not greatly trespass on it. Well, at all events, you will like to see our woods; and in years to come, it will be something to compare with what you in England call 'sport.'

And so the necessary orders were given, and the simple arrangement soon made. A fine-looking lad was to carry a knapsack of provisions — for we were to be out for the day. I trembled lest Ulric was to be of the party, for he appeared, as I thought, somewhat mysteriously, and the count spoke a few words with him apart, which did not reach my ear, and suddenly he disappeared.

"Ulric is of great use," observed Uncle Z., "in any forest expedition; but, after all, I know the tracks hereabouts as well as he does; and besides, at this moment he is busy on a very important work for me at the Tower-house which requires his constant supervision."

I felt much relieved, and shaking off my annoyance of the past night, soon found myself, by my youthful activity, keeping up with the long strides of my much older companion; and in about a quarter of an hour we were well in the forest glades.

Such a wilderness of pines could not have been threaded with any safety upon any extended plain. But here the country was so broken by hill and vale, crags, brooks, and torrents, that gradually I less wondered at the facility with which the count led the way amidst the varied scenery, which, in spite of these dissimilarities, had altogether such a uniformity of character. Here and there, too, were clearings where some woodcutters or small hay-farmers had their habitations, and where the count always paused to give a cheery word to some child or aged person left in charge of the house — for most of the able-bodied people were absent on their every-day occupations. His approach was always welcomed with



an exclamation of pleasure, and often some little child ran forward to greet him by kissing his hand. He seemed always much pleased with such attentions.

In the forest itself his conversation was even fresher and less reserved than within the walls of the Tower. He called my attention to each flower or fern characteristic of the district, and stopped suddenly at times in order to listen to the call of some bird or animal which I should otherwise have passed by without notice. He was much delighted that I had brought my sketch-book, into which sometimes I wrote down an observation which I did not trust to my memory's keeping; and as we reached a very pleasant opening, where a summer rivulet still made its way with a rippling sound, and the pines were agreeably diversified with a bright under-wood which grew over some shattered pieces of crag, he suggested that we should rest, and that I should draw the scene in my book. And so I began; and he sat down on the grass by my side, leaning his tall back against a piece of rock.

I took great pains with my sketch: I have got it still. But really I prolonged my efforts to an unusual length, in order that I might hear more of the old man's memories; for he fell into a vein of speech which seemed almost unending, so varied were the facts to which he alluded, so wise his comments on them. Sometimes he seemed to speak as if for my instruction, but more often as if to find a vent for long-pent-up thoughts which it gave him satisfaction to clothe in words. It was the most agreeable kind of autobiography, in which he himself played the most conspicuous part without any pretence of doing so.

I wondered more and more how one who had known so much of the busy world, and indeed of some of the chief actors in it, could be content with the retirement of this deep forest life, where he never held converse with educated man except with the old priest who had accompanied me on my walk of the day before.

Amongst the count's strongest antipathies was the French Revolution, and all the history which was connected with it. He predicted, in forcible language, that long after he had ceased to breathe, the evil seed sown during the reign of terror and irreligion would take root and bear evil and deadly fruit to France from generation to generation. "Who would step

in," he asked, "to bridge over that gulf of alternate democracy and tyranny, of which its annals must be the sport?—the sure and terrible vengeance of the guillotine."

He had thought much also about England, with which he showed far more accurate acquaintance than most foreigners of his date and standing; for the long war had made English manners and customs a strange perplexity to the people on the continent of Europe. He admired England much, but he was very doubtful how long the English character would remain unchanged, and the public policy of the country continue matter of admiration.

He said, I remember—and I have often thought over his words in later years—that if we once waged war upon our peculiarities, we were likely not to improve but to degenerate. "For instance, your whole system of election to your House of Commons is anomalous, but it is an anomaly which works well for the national character. If you attempt a representative system mechanically exact, the machinery will defeat its own end. You may get the wealth of the body into power, but how will you secure the intelligence? And again, as regards the education of the lower orders, no doubt," he said, "even the dwellers of the Black Forest would be found far superior in a competitive examination to any equal number of English peasantry; but do not be too sure on that account that they are less adapted for the work they have to do. If your government interferes too much, and pretends to direct the details of education, it may get more accurate answers to a given set of questions, but in the process it may so hedge in and dwarf the natural increase of learning in a people as to reduce the general intelligence to a very dull uniformity of mediocrity. Let the merchants deal with their merchandise, and let teachers deal with teaching. Give merchants free course in increasing their traffic, and let learners have every opportunity of increasing their knowledge, but do not attempt to graft by authority German education upon English habits. If you do, beware; you will be very liable to make learning be considered a necessary in the days of youth, and to destroy all love of it for its own sake directly the obligation to learn ceases. And I say again, your national character will be injured in the process."

As thus he continued his talk on these and suchlike subjects, and my sketch was



wellnigh finished — indeed it remains one of the most elaborate of my productions — the boy Hans returned in some excitement, and said if we would follow him gently he could point out to us some beautiful roe-deer. We were soon prepared for this change of occupation, and obeyed his injunctions of making as little disturbance as possible, as we descended through some brushwood to the margin of a little stream, where we at once saw the game for which we had been seeking. A very touching sight; for, unlike other animals of the deer species, the roe lives in families rather than in herds; and there were the male and female nibbling at the long branches of honeysuckle, entangled round isolated mounds of heath, and their young ones with them. They were of a fine warm brown color, as they always are at this season of the year, — and they were not very wild.

I stood prepared for deliberate aim whenever the animals should sufficiently apprehend our purpose as to make off into the wood. But my uncle laid his hand upon my shoulder, and checked me saying, "Surely we shall meet with a single one, — would it not be cruel to break up the happiness and union of such a group as this?" and then the creatures, now fairly disturbed, rushed away and were presently out of sight. I suppose I looked somewhat disappointed, but the count seemed pleased not only with their escape but with my forbearance. He thanked me, and said I had done him a real pleasure, and that he felt sure I should soon have my reward. So we stepped on rapidly to a more rocky part of the valley, where it was very narrow, and on either side there was a sheer descent of about thirty feet, leaving but a small interval in the middle.

The boy had again started on a round of his own, and presently a shrill cry warned us that we might expect the approach of fresh game. We heard next a rustling above us, and saw a fine young roe bounding frantically on the top of the rock, as if escaping its pursuer. To our great astonishment, the creature, scared perhaps not only by the sounds behind it but also by the sight of us below, rushed with full speed to the top of the ravine, and really having no help for it, attempted to jump to the opposite rock. Wonderful to say, it nearly succeeded; but alas! the poor thing fell and lay stunned on the ground. Then it started up and attempted to run on, but evidently in great pain; yet by desperate efforts it was really making

its escape, when I heard the count's voice, "Shoot, my boy!" and as I obeyed it rolled over dead.

"A real sportsman's shot!" cried the old fellow; "thou hast done very well; and moreover, it was a doomed beast. It would either have died in solitary misery, or it would have been killed by some of its forest rivals; for jealousies and contentions, hatreds and revenges, haunt even these quiet shades."

"And what a noble little stag!" he exclaimed, as we came up. "Now, Hans, speed and cut a hazel on which we can carry it."

Accordingly, a long stick was soon found and cut, and the creature's legs were deftly fastened to it, and it was suspended from our shoulders.

I said, "How far shall we have to bear the burden?" anxious really as much for my uncle's sake as for mine own.

"It is a wise question," he replied; "but there is a short cut over the hill to a cottage where it can be left in safety. Run, Hans, to the Pine Cottage and say we are coming, and ask Bertha to have a bowl of milk ready for us, for it will be thirsty work."

Off went the boy, and we followed bravely with our burden, the count enlivening the way by snatches of old military and hunting songs, following the intricate path with great accuracy; and thus, in very picturesque fashion, we arrived at the cottage or rather little farmhouse, with the usual far-projecting eaves and long, narrow windows.

The spot, nevertheless, did not seem altogether strange to me; and upon looking round, I was surprised to see that we had gained one end of the common which I had traversed the day before; and the house which we were entering was the house of the watchmaker. Bertha, however, only was at home; and Bertha's face was certainly one to drive away unpleasantness of any kind. It was calm and thoughtful, and yet the smile of her welcome was singularly winning. Her hair was scrupulously neat, and fell in two long flaxen plaits down her back; her dress most simple, but fresh and well arranged; and my first reflection was how much Ulric must have married out of his own sphere of life — my second, how much the wife was to be pitied for her isolation in this wild with such a husband. She, meantime, hastened to do her honors both to myself and the count, as one who was proud to entertain such distinguished guests. Her rough but spotlessly clean



cloth was duly spread, and the bowl of tempting white milk, with two large hunches of black bread, flanked by two old-fashioned mugs.

Before we sat down, however, the count said, "Nay, but I do not begin without my little friend Ilsa; the sight of her angel face is always my best refreshment. Child Ilsa! where art thou hidden? Come forth and see what the English gentleman is like."

At this invitation, from some mysterious hiding-place there crept a little girl of about four years of age, very shyly, and evidently thinking how she could best reach her old friend, and yet run no risk of being caught up by the stranger. And so far she was right; for a more irresistible little creature was never reared in any forest. She was very like her mother, with far more pretension to regularity of beauty — her figure perfect, her eyes the loveliest blue, her hair crowned with a sort of halo, like the aureola of a saint in a picture of the blessed Angelico.

I never saw a more charming vision. In another instant she was kissing one hand of the count, whilst the other was stroking her head.

"What! golden-locks hiding away from her godfather! This is wrong, and I must tell the Herr Pfarrer."

Bertha's countenance was beaming with delight, and turning towards me, she said, —

"You see, Herr Englishman, how the count spoils the children of the district. The Herr Pfarrer will not blame me if he finds mischief done."

"At all events," I replied, "if ever there was an excuse to be made for such mischief, I should think the Herr Pfarrer would readily find pardon for the present transgression."

I believe this little speech found its way into the mother's heart, for I felt at once there was certain sympathy between us; and even the feeling that I was in the house of Ulric did not seem to disturb the impression. I was myself fairly led captive by the winning grace of this lovely child; and gradually I succeeded in alluring her to my bench, where, though much unused to play with children, I contrived to fascinate her with the help of my hunting-watch, and such cat-and-dog language as I could command. We parted great friends (and I even kissed her before I left); and a sort of sensation followed me out of doors that I should have been happier if I had had such a little sister of mine own to pet and to play with.

We left our deer in charge of Bertha, and she promised to send it down to the Tower-house when some of the nearest cottagers should return from their day's work. There were, I believe, a few home-steads not very far off, but they were deeper in the forest. Ulric's seemed the only one on the edge of the heath. As we walked home, the count praised me for my success with the child; and indeed he expressed some surprise at it, from one of my "temperament." The expression revealed how narrowly he had watched my behavior, and also, as I fancied, that his opinion of it had not been one of unqualified approbation. As we passed by the pathway which would have led us to the spring of St. Boniface, my uncle suddenly asked me if I was acquainted with the legend. I replied yes; and then, speaking with much embarrassment, said that I had heard allusion made to it by my pleasant companion of yesterday. I think he observed my confusion, but with an easy good-breeding he gave another turn to the conversation, and asked me whether we had many like tales in England; and I, who really knew few belonging to my pampered country, but very glad of the shifting of the scene, answered that I remembered in Berkshire to have heard an adage about the pretty wild flower and climbing plant called the traveller's joy, "which shuns the house of a churlish boy," and refuses to embellish it.

"I hope," said my companion, very quickly, and almost as if he could not help saying it — "I hope you observed how fine a specimen grew near the cottage we have just left?"

I bit my lip, and we were both silent until we reached the count's domain, which, fortunately, was not very far off.

When we met at dinner, Uncle Z. took great pains to avoid the last subjects of our conversation; and, instead of enlarging upon his own great experience of life, seemed anxious rather to draw upon my feeble resources, and appeared to be much interested in details of my studies and inclinations, until I forgot how short really had been the time of our acquaintance, and my affection for him ripened as rapidly as his apparently for myself. I soon found myself confiding in him without reserve: and later in the evening, before he sat down to his organ, I was moved to tell him that perhaps I had not shown a nephew's frankness when he questioned me about what I then called for the first time the enchanted spring;



but that, if he would now indulge me with a patient hearing, and spare any ridicule which I might deserve, I would tell him of my own adventures.

Far from laughing at me, he became very grave, and said he would give me all attention. So, indeed, he did: he followed my tale with an interest which was not feigned, and at the end ejaculated a "So!" as only a German could pronounce or prolong, so indefinitely. Then he remained a while silent as well as grave, assured me of his deep sympathy, and said that he had learned this as his own lesson in life, that even the lesser accidents of it do not befall us unbidden, nor without some wise account, and that he much advised me always to think so too; but with regard to this particular occurrence, he had rather give no opinion upon it at present, and should prefer to leave the matter to my own private and earnest consideration. He advised me strongly to have no other confidant in the business, and to avoid speaking of it, "even to your friend the priest: exercise your own discretion," he added, "about revisiting the spring of St. Boniface; but I incline to think that in your case, for the present at least, I should abstain from so doing, unless" — and then he paused, and said he would not finish the sentence, but presently went on — "and now seek rest, just now, certainly for to-night; no more midnight walks." He drew me towards him, and kissed me on both my cheeks, exhorted me not to touch up the sketch I had made near what he called the hunting-ground, — rather to make a drawing from it, and to be sure to sleep well.

I promised obedience if in my power, thanked him with a fervor which was unusual to me, and sought my chamber, much relieved in mind by the confession of the burden of it, and really was soon asleep. Before I reached the land of dreams, the strains of one of Mozart's masses came wreathing round my senses, and accompanied me to those unknown regions of uncertainty.

#### CHAPTER XII.

Now day followed day with a sort of variety in the general monotony, so that my forest life became a delightful habit; and I had no wish to exchange it, either for the smoke or the interests of cities, or for the society of my equals and companions in age. I seemed perfectly to understand my uncle, and my uncle to understand me. We often followed the

same pursuit, but more often spent our days in diverse occupations. And so I kept on, making fresh acquaintance with the forest tracks, and hunted up new rivulets to their sources; sometimes took a fishing-rod, and brought in a few trout for Gretchen to cook; sometimes took my book alone — a Spenser or an Ariosto — and identified myself with their tales of wonder and enchantment; sometimes I had my gun, and brought back something or nothing, as the case might be, in the bag strapped to my shoulders. But always I had my sketch-book, to whose faithful records I refer continually, to refresh my mind with the recollections of these strange and happy days. Was the whole country under enchantment as well as that particular spring which I continued, almost mechanically, to avoid? At last letters came from home, both from my father and my mother, either to myself, or to Count Z., which so plainly intimated that I ought not to prolong my stay in the forest, and that if I took much deeper root in it I should not flourish when transplanted, that it became necessary to look in the face the cruel necessity of a separation.

My uncle, on various pretexts, had at first somewhat dallied with the question, though he pretended to do otherwise, and formed a great many plans for my routes during the next portion of my tour, promising me letters to several friends in different places, but especially in Austrian dominions; but all the time I was conscious that he, no less than myself, felt very deeply the near approach of the time of my departure.

I think I have observed in later life, that if the friendships betwixt persons of different ages are of rare occurrence, when they do occur they are very strong, and entertained with a stronger grasp on the part of those of the more advanced age. If so, my uncle's affection for me must have been strong indeed; for I, who had always been so chary even of an intimate acquaintance with my school and college contemporaries, who had no brothers and sisters to interrupt my natural love for my father and my mother, had been drawn near to a character like Count Z. by rivets which had, unconsciously to both of us, been fastened with an unwonted power. And he, who had been somewhat unnaturally separated from the intercourse, not only of near relations, but even of his equals in life, had evidently felt a revival of feelings to which he had long been a stranger in the



society of one who combined, together with the closest links of the family tie, the turn of thought which least of all could be found among the indigenous population of the Black Forest.

Moreover, the extreme improbability of a personal renewal of our intimacies deepened the sadness of our parting; and, as if to weaken the pain of the last goodbye, we found ourselves putting ourselves into a sort of preparation for it by taking sometimes solitary rambles, and brooding over the inevitable word.

One evening, however, as we were retiring to rest, my uncle said that he had fixed such and such a day for my departure; that I should travel by the way of Ulm, where the Danube was yet young, and the cathedral old; and the latter, though much injured, and estranged, he added sadly, from its old uses, afforded a good subject for my sketch-book. My first night's halt he had fixed at Donaueschingen, and so far the same retinue which had brought me from Freiburg would escort me to the borders of the country on the eastern side; and then—but in Greek—he said words equivalent to "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," and with a strong squeeze of my hand, he left me silent.

Now the day appointed drew very near, and I used to go to take last looks of many of my favorite scenes, though I still studiously avoided the little glen which enshrined the enchanted spring of St. Boniface; but though I avoided it, in obedience to the count's advice, I could not help often thinking of the adventure, the only unpleasant one during my stay. And this recollection continued to embitter my intense dislike of Ulric, though I refused to allow that my antipathy to him could in any way have affected the matter. I was turning over in my mind how I should have to finish this, to myself, most important episode in my travels, when my thoughts were diverted by the roar of the cataract which, owing to a heavy shower during the night, seemed to be sending down a great volume of water, and was descending with an unusual splendor. I determined, therefore, to climb to the summit, intending to reach the spot from which, on the first day of my arrival, I had first watched the stream as it stole, deep and quiet, through the heathy plain above, apparently unprepared for its fearful plunge into Triberg. This side was not the side nearest to the spring. In those days there was only one bridge by which the torrent could be crossed, and

this was the stone one immediately connected with the town. I dare say, at this epoch, there are many romantic wooden bridges which span the cataract at convenient intervals, so as to enable travellers without any difficulty to regain the well-engineered path which may be found on either side of the fall, and conveys them by easily winding gradations to its top; but of course, without such an assistance, he who began his climb on the one side had no chance of finding himself on the other unless by retracing his steps into the town. And as this side was the least frequented by the peasants, the climb was by no means an easy one, and some of the granite rocks had to be traversed almost on all-fours.

At last, about half-way up, I gained a little green platform, from which I had serious thoughts of taking a sketch of some pines on the other side, with the water for my foreground; and I made, as preliminary to it, a very accurate survey of the whole position.

The dash over the granite here was tremendous; but in two places the rock cropped up and seemed to bid defiance to its force. When the Fallbach was less swollen, it would have been possible, I thought, to have made use of these projections to get to the opposite path; but on a day like this it seemed insanity; and I could not be placed better than I already was (from an artist's point of view), though the noise was very deafening; but I somewhat altered my opinion when I looked up over my head at the edge of the immediate fall above me, perhaps thirty feet. A huge pine, which probably in some winter gale had been blown across the stream, and had long been wedged between some crevices, which had retained it fast secured, was now evidently dislodged by the recent influx of the water, and soon about to totter over and to fall; if so, it must sweep with it whatever less hard than the granite opposed its progress downwards. If it fell tolerably true, nothing was safe within some thirty feet of its descent according as the water might bear it down. I hastily snatched up my book and retreated to a distance, which I thought a safe one. But the desire of seeing it fall exercised a sort of fascination over me, and with a keen excitement I waited for its descent, which I expected every moment. Whilst I was gazing, I thought I heard a strange cry, which rose above the noise of the torrent, but from below rather than from above me. What could it be? It came again more pierc-



ingly, so that I withdrew my eyes from the pine-tree overhead and looked across in the direction of the sound, and I saw a woman rushing frantically through the forest in the direction immediately opposite to the place where I was standing, — her cry was the cry of agony. I looked again to see if I could perceive for what reason she was racing towards the torrent, and my eye fell upon a sight which I had not observed before, and indeed could not have observed until I had shifted my position.

In several places down the course of the Fallbach, the waters, diverted by some accident, are driven on the side, and form little pools, which, from their comparatively stagnant character, make a beautiful contrast to the turmoil so close by, and often enable lovely flowers which thrive in the moisture to accumulate near their green margins.

On such a pool, treading on some large slippery stepping-stones, a little girl was endeavoring to pluck a large pink flower which had especially attracted her notice. I had no difficulty in recognizing the child, — it was the same which had been sitting on my knee a few weeks before, and playing with my watch-chain — Ulric's child — the goddaughter of my uncle.

In any case the position was most dangerous, for an uncertain stepping might have brought her within the reach of that unrelenting torrent; but — and the mother's eye had already detected this danger also — if that pine falls, and it is all but over, she cannot escape. One thing is certain, the mother will not be in time to save her. Who can?

The child, who had plucked her flower, now looked up suddenly, and gazed around as if amazed at the scene near her, and dazed by the unabating, sullen, deafening sound, as if she too heard the mother's cry above it, and knew not whence it came.

Again I looked up — fall the tree must. There is not a moment to consider how the child can be saved, but saved she must be.

Calling into instantaneous action all the strength and agility of my youth, I rushed to the little green plateau, and by mere force of speed placed my feet on the two rocks, which I had noticed before as breaking the course of the waters, and gained (I have never known how) the pool on which the child was standing. Still without stopping, I placed my right arm round her body and swept her with me to the foot of the great tree which I had in-

tended to have sketched, where I fell, exhausted indeed, but unhurt myself, with the child unscathed, the pink flower in her hand. Then, as I looked up, the gigantic pine fell over the ledge above, and was dashed with such violence on the rocks by which I had crossed, that, partly perhaps decayed by its long sojourn in the waters, it was literally snapped asunder. The top fell thundering on towards the plain below; the other half, by far the heavier, swerved on one side, and seemed to fill up the backwater pool on which the little Ilsa had just been standing.

The escape for both of us seemed a miracle, and the sense of it was overwhelming. Then the mother came up, and even now I cannot look back without tears on the scene which followed. How she caught up her child — how she hugged it — how she called on all the saints and holy angels to guard and bless me — how she threw herself on her knees before me to overpower me with thanks, and seeing me look rather pale and faint, brought water in her hands to pour over my forehead, and wiped it with her apron, — then, pale and sick herself, sat down, still holding fast her child, and wept aloud.

When she became more composed, and I found myself less exhausted, we discovered that, though there was much for both of us to think over, there was really at that moment very little more to be said. And when I recommended her to take the child home at once, she agreed that it would be best so; and snatching her up, she left with hurried steps, and her figure was soon lost among the stems of the pine wood.

In a few minutes I, too, left the scene, but, unlike her, with very measured steps — thoughtful, but very cheerful.

The first man I met was on the bridge, by which now I was obliged to retrace my steps, as I wished to make a purchase in the town, and it proved to be my old companion the village priest. He darted at me with a beaming countenance, and said: "My son, I congratulate thee; it was a blessed journey which brought thee to Freiburg, both for thyself and others;" and then, without further explanation, he passed on. Evidently the news of the adventure had reached him, but with what a strange rapidity! I shrank much from the publicity which I might obtain not only from the bare circumstance itself, but from the exaggerations of it; so I thought I would lose no time, but pass down the street and regain the Tower-house before the gossips had blown their



trumpets. But already I was too late. I saw women standing in groups and pointing, at a distance. One or two artisans looked at me with great admiration, and made significant bows, and seemed on the point of making speeches at me. I became very self-conscious, stopped in the midst of my career, and made a somewhat undignified retreat towards my own private apartments. But even here I was forestalled. Gretchen's white cap was conspicuous at the doorway, and a man, with his back towards her, was telling his tale with wild gesticulations. Suddenly he turned round, and it was Ulric himself. There was no time to escape; in an instant he was at my feet, and seizing my hands, overwhelmed them with embraces, pouring out at the same time a torrent of confused but grateful words. I looked up and saw the old lady — her apron was pressed against her eyes. "Why does everybody cry?" I thought to myself; and in the same instant caught the infection, and tears rose to mine own eyes. When, lo! I felt a kindly pressure on my shoulder, and the count's voice whispered in my ear, "My Edward! my own Edward!" And really, I almost forget how we were gradually extricated from a position of natural emotion, which no stage actor whom I have seen could possibly have reproduced.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE evening of my adventure was the last evening which I spent with my uncle, and every circumstance of it is indelibly stamped upon my memory. The hues of the picture are mellow with age, but not a line of the original is lost. Among other subjects of our conversation, and indeed purposely selected by him, was a history of his connection with Ulric the watchmaker, and a sketch of his character — not otherwise, he said, than a remarkable one. Nor did I interrupt him by telling how much I had before heard of it during my walk with the good priest. The count, on the other hand, suppressed much of his personal conduct in the affair. He told me how much trouble he had taken to uncharm him from the wild republicanism with which he had been steeped in his early youth; and he might have added, how much of the countercharm had been derived from his own example and demeanor. He confessed that Ulric had conceived as violent an antipathy to me as I had to him, and that he could hardly have believed the reaction which had taken place in him on his re-

turn, at the same time as myself, from Düsseldorf.

"The temptations of his youth had been great," he said gravely, "and the old roots are not all pulled up. But you see, my dear Edward, that ingratitude, at least, is not his fault, and that his sensitiveness to a kindness done is as acute as his sensitiveness to insult or contempt. It is by encouragement of the good quality that he must be won, not by the provocation of the evil one. And you, my son — for you are more than nephew to me now, — surely thou wert chiefly to blame; for what avails all the refinement of the highest education if it do not advance the principles which the Saviour came down from heaven and taught us, and if this refinement does not adorn meekness, humility, and the love of all for whom that blessed One died?" He rose and devoutly crossed himself before a large ivory crucifix which hung on the chamber wall. I felt much abashed, and found no words for any reply. He did not seem to need an answer, for he continued, "But I am wrong to blame thee now, for thou hast taught Ulric his lesson this day, and thine own lesson to thyself. He has known thee ready to resign youth, and health, and ease, and life itself, at the call of opportunity for the life of thy foe's child. Thou hast seen how absurd, if they were not so wrong, are those distinctions which separate class from class, in the real interests and prejudices which they have in common before their Redeemer and their Judge." There was again a pause, for with the last sentence he had fallen into a sort of meditation, and I was thinking how truly the last words seemed to have struck the key-note of his own forest life, when he hastily resumed, "Ah! what thanks also are due from me to thee for thy visit to thy lonely uncle; for the cheerful rays sent across a solitary path; for the renewal of a sister's love and intercourse through her child! Much has thine act of daring accomplished also for me, for —"

But here I broke in, and tried to beg him to say no more for what I had done on the impulse of a moment, but that his own life had taught me in a few weeks more than my school and college work, and that I felt a cold English nature was already thawing under the genial rays of his pure and wise affection; but the words failed me, and I stammered out only half of what I intended to say. At last I did say, with a great effort, "Uncle Z., would you bless me?" — and he rose



and blessed me there as I knelt before him. And there was another pause.

He raised me up and kissed me. "It will be a long farewell, Edward," he said — "but it must be spoken — to the seeing of you again in the land where there are no partings. Our separation must be made this evening. I do not like the saying of good-bye before others. But I will write, and thou also from time to time wilt write. Then to-morrow Gretchen will arrange all for thy departure, which must be very early, for again it is a long ride. May God accompany thee, my sister's child, both now and always."

"Will you play the organ once more to-night, Uncle Z.?"

"Surely I will; the music will soothe us both," — and he made his usual signal for Ulric to come and blow the bellows. And Ulric must have obeyed as rapidly as it was secretly, for he was at his post by the time my uncle sat down; but first of all the count stretched out both his hands silently towards mine. He held them long, whilst he gazed at me very earnestly, and said once more, "My sister's child: now go." But before I left the room he had sat down before his instrument. No music-book was before him, but he was looking up with a fixed and rapt expression, and was soon in a dream of harmony; and I dashed out of the room, and saw him never again in that tower.

Long after I was in bed these wonderful symphonies continued, and seemed to hallow my own reflections. Certainly I for one had learned much in the Black Forest. I felt the change — and the last thought was, I wonder Uncle Z. said nothing about the spring of St. Boniface! I wonder whether there could be any truth in the legend; or even if it is not true, I wonder whether if it is flowing now, and whether it would flow for me! I was tempted to go and look at it once more by night, but I refrained myself. Even the organ-notes had died away, and again I slept the happy sleep of hope and youth.

Certainly that morning many of my uncle's dependants must have been astir very early. For though I myself came to the hall at the appointed time, everything had been prepared, and everything was in order. Gretchen had done her best inside, and Ulric without. I had a suitable present for the good old housekeeper, which she accepted with pleasure, and with many pretty speeches of regret at my departure.

"And the count really will not see me this morning. Ah, it is very hard to go!"

"The count," she replied, "always judges wisely. He cannot see you; he is gone out on a very distant expedition. Ah! he too, how he would have wished you to stay had it been possible; but it was not, and he does not dare to say again the parting word."

"But I might come back, Gretchen; surely never is a long word. I might come back again to the forest?"

"Ah, no! He said it could not be; and he is never wrong. You will not come again. It is the long good-bye. But your coming has been bliss to him and to us all."

"Thank you for those words, Gretchen. At all events that thought will cheer me on my road. I fear I shall feel myself very solitary when I leave the forest. After all, it is a lonely travel which I have undertaken."

"God finds friends for the lonely who trust him," was her pious answer, "or else he is the all-sufficient friend. At least so I have found it in my days, and my days have not been few. Praised be the holy name."

I looked at her and saw her eyes were welling with tears, and I kissed her.

There was an atmosphere of Christian piety in that house which united, in a bond of pure fellowship, all who frequented it. She raised my hand to her lips and followed me to the door.

The *cortège* was waiting. It was as nearly as possible the same cavalcade which had welcomed me at Freiburg. I saluted them as courteously as I could. They smiled, and said they were only afraid that they were to escort me for the last time.

Ulric was standing near me very pale. I turned to him and said, "Ulric, have you forgiven me? I fear I was very foolish."

He answered in a voice which emotion had deprived of its natural grating sound, "But I, good sir, was worse than foolish. So far at least you judge me rightly, for I really hated you till — Will you give me your pardon?" and he tried to kneel at my feet; but I anticipated him, saying that the count's friends do not part thus, but rather so, — and I embraced him with my arms, and then leaped into my saddle; but he, with a parting blessing, kissed my foot in the stirrup.

"Now, farewell all who love Count Z., and who have for his sake been friendly



to the stranger; and Ulric," I whispered in his ear, "let me purchase from thee thy singing-bird?"

"No, not purchase; deign to accept the gift. When you reach your home in England it shall be there." So Ulric whispered in return, and so at length we parted.

It was so betimes in the morning that the busy artisans had not yet gone to their work, but many of them, with their wives and children, were assembled on the bridge, and cheered and blessed me as I passed. Already many knew me well by sight; and the rescue of Ulric's child was only yesterday's wonder, and they thought they would speed the English stranger on his way. But after this salutation the road wore its usual aspect, and we took not the shortest road towards Donaueschingen, but the best, and therefore, as often is the case, the quickest. I mention this, as the longer road brought me to the last important incident of my story.

We had not proceeded very far when we met my old friend the village priest. I was particularly glad of this; for though we had often met since our first accidental walk together, I had not seen him during the last few days, and I had been anxious for a personal leave-taking with him.

Here, however, he now was issuing from the well-known path into the forest. Of course I halted at once, and he came with a most friendly greeting.

"It may not seem polite to say so, but much as I regret your departure from us for my own sake, I do so chiefly on account of your revered uncle. He will miss you very sadly."

"And very sadly," I replied, "I shall miss him; and indeed all of you. It is I, reverend sir, who really suffer. You have all done me much good; my character seems quite a changed one since your caution on the first evening of our acquaintance."

He smiled, and said, "Oh now, I have no fear for you: and surely you have tasted the spring, and can bear witness how excellent to the taste, as well as beautiful to the sight, are the gushing waters of St. Boniface."

"I can bear witness to their external loveliness," was my answer, "but not to their intrinsic merits; for here I am, on my road to Donaueschingen, and I have never once drank of the celebrated fountain."

I laughed first, and blushed afterwards.

"Nay, this must not be," said he, somewhat more seriously, "three or four minutes would take you to the spot, and I can hold your horse till you return; or stay — might I have the honor of accompanying you?"

"I do not know what Count Z. would say, but you must tell him that it was at your suggestion that I erred, if I now disobey his wishes. I think I should much like to see once again that — forgive me — enchanted spring of St. Boniface; and as you are kind enough to revisit it with me, your companionship will be an additional inducement for deviating so soon from the road at the commencement of a long day's journey."

And so telling my companions that I should be back again in ten minutes, the priest and I ascended the pine glade by the rocky footpath together.

The season was now almost autumn, but how beautiful was that morning! The last vapors were rolling off "the misty mountain-top;" the dew lingered on the grass and sparkled under the cheering beams of the sun, now well established on its course; the flowers were bright, the blackbirds sang, the waterfalls were heard in the distance; and as we entered the smooth glade, with the rock and fountain at the end, and the stately, pillared trees on either side, it seemed a holy aisle left by nature for the better worship of nature's God.

The thought seemed to occur to both of us; for impressed by the solemn sanctity of this forest church, we both of us, by an involuntary movement, raised our hats. The water of the spring was gushing brightly out of the granite in its wooden channel. I approached it with a sort of reverence, first observing to my companion, "I do not think it will be my fault if it shuns me now, for at this moment I feel in love with everybody and everything." He smiled and said, "Drink, my son, drink freely; and all holy saints guide thee through the day's journey, and throughout the journey of thy life." Almost to my surprise, the water flowed on when I applied my lips, and I drank deliciously and thankfully.

As I brushed off the superabundant moisture from my clothes, I turned round somewhat triumphantly towards the priest. But he was gone; and I never saw him again.

Serious and slow, — but the seriousness was a cheerful one, and the measured step was owing to deep thought and med-



itation, — I retraced my steps to the little company below, and saying, "Now we are off at last," regained my saddle, and we went off at a brisk pace. Two lesser events, but well fixed in my recollection, occurred before we stopped for the mid-day meal.

We soon branched off by the same pathway which led us within sight of the distant crucifix, and of Ulric's cottage home. When we came within sight of the first, I again discerned the form of the count, in rapt devotion before the image of the dying Saviour, though he did not seem to heed us. My companions saw him too, and stopped talking, and doffed their caps, as I did myself. It was my last glimpse of Uncle Z.

When the men were out of sight of the cross, and probably out of hearing of the figure before it, with one accord they sang two verses of some old German hymn, in excellent time and harmony. It was very impressive, and the impression lasted till we came in sight of Ulric's home. Bertha was there waiting for us, with little Ilsa in her arms; she invoked a fresh blessing on my journey, and the child held out a beautiful nosegay of mountain flowers freshly gathered. I took the child upon my horse and kissed her as I returned her to the mother; I believe I kissed her too. I certainly commended Ilsa to her care as doubly given to her by God; and with those few words passed on to very different scenes and thoughts.

My note-book says no more about my forest life; my sketch-book has no other recollection. I do not wish for more; I think it ends well so.

A few words more for a conclusion.

When my tour was finished, and I had returned home, some of my first inquiries were about Uncle Z., about whom I said I had not heard for some months. My mother said that of late he had written but little and rarely; but all his letters contained some reference to my visit to Triberg, or expressed some kindly interest in my future; indeed the last contained a somewhat singular message which she was charged to deliver to me — and she went up-stairs and brought down the letter in question.

"Wilt thou surely tell thine Edward, my dear nephew, that Ulric has accomplished the ingenious scheme which he has had so long at heart, and on which he has spent years of unflagging labor — he has brought the water from the spring of St. Boniface to the top of my tower, so

that at all times there is a fresh supply. Of course he has not injured the spring itself, so that it should not continue to refresh the peasants and the wayfarers; only his machinery enables it to be drawn off at night from time to time, which is a great gain to us and no detriment to others. And then he has contrived, that by some pressure on the organ below, the water does the work of a man, and I can at any time play the organ without assistance from any one. It is a great triumph for him; but who can tell, it may not be long useful to his master!"

His words proved but too true. A few weeks afterwards the count went a long expedition to a distant hamlet, where there was much sickness, and he returned home greatly exhausted. In the evening, however, the organ was heard by many listeners outside, played with even more than his usual skill and pathos. In the morning he was not in his room upstairs, nor seen anywhere below, until Gretchen went into the tower-room and found him fallen over the keys of the instrument — quite dead! He must have awakened to hear the music of the spheres and the harpings of Paradise. It seemed impossible for us in England to grieve over such a death.

His will was a very characteristic one. He left very little of his money to his own family, but bequeathed the greater part of his fortune to his poorer neighbors, and also to help the work of certain sisters of charity established at Freiburg. Ilsa, too, was duly remembered, with a proviso that the legacy was chiefly to be spent on her education. Some of his personal treasures were bequeathed to his sister, and are still much valued in the family. He left me, individually, a strange sort of stick, which had been a present to him from the Duke of Baden. It is, I believe, painted tin, and unscrews at different joints, and the several compartments supply a telescope, paper, pen and ink, a candle, and so forth. It is surmounted by a silver top, engraven with a *B* and crown — an ingenious German toy, but really a very cumbersome helpmate as a walking-stick. Count Z., however, prized it very much. The most singular circumstance connected with his death (and my old friend the parish priest communicated very freely all the details) was that Ulric did not long survive his patron. A deep melancholy seized him, and he seemed fairly to pine away a few weeks after; but, it was added, he regained his cheerfulness before his departure, and his end



was very full of hope, and very peaceful.

Due provision was made for the old age of Gretchen, who retired with a niece to her native city of Freiburg.

Thither also retired poor Bertha and her child, not unforgotten of their friend in England. Some fifteen years afterwards, Ilsa, whose beauty is said to have increased, and not diminished, with her years, and whose education had been so thoughtfully cared for by my uncle, married an artist, who became a very distinguished man. Shortly after this marriage, a box arrived at my house from Germany, with directions to be opened with much caution. These directions were obeyed, and I found it contained a picture of a lovely child, standing on stepping-stones in a pool of water, with a flower in her hand, a dark rock in the background, and beyond a cataract of water, with a pine ready to fall from a rock above: underneath there is a legend, "He shall give his angels charge."

The contrast of the indifference of the child with the threatened doom hanging over her, is said to be very finely imagined, and strangers admire it very much.

I know that it is the gem of my collection — and often, in my sorrows, have turned to it for a happy memory.

Yes; I have had my sorrows, and now feel that I have to face the last part of my journey of life as in my youth I began my first Continental journey, very much alone. At all events, I trust I am better equipped for my solitude. And I have a little grandson, a fine boy of about eight years old, who sometimes comes to cheer it up.

"Grandpapa."

"Yes, my boy."

"Will you make your bird sing to me?"

"My child, I fear I cannot; some one, who did not understand it, wound it up hastily, and spoilt it."

"Grandpapa, can it not be mended?"

"No, my boy, I think not. Watchmakers in this country are so stupid, they cannot make nor mend such clever things: that was made by a very clever man, who lived in the Black Forest. When you grow up, you must go and see the Black Forest."

"Is it very black, grandpapa?"

"No, child — at least it is a very bright spot in my life."

"But, grandpapa, if the bird cannot sing, it is of no use. Why do you keep it, then, always in the middle of your mantelpiece?"

"Ah, my child! it is of use, of great use to me. It reminds me how foolish and how wicked it is to dislike, without any just cause, a man for whom my Saviour died."

The child looked puzzled, but was silent. But I could not tell him all the reason why, as, reader, I have told it all to you, so unreservedly.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### JEWISH COLONIZATION IN PALESTINE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, October 28.

It is not unnatural that in these days, when a large portion of Christendom seems to be repenting itself of the tardy justice which after centuries of persecution recognized the rights of the Hebrew race to live and move and have its being, the Jews should once more turn their eyes towards the land of their ancestors, and seriously consider whether it may not afford them a haven of rest from the vexations to which they are exposed, even as it did to their forefathers when they went forth out of the land of Egypt. But the new exodus, if it is to take place, must be of a very different character from the armed migration of the children of Israel. The only conquest to which they can now look forward is such as they can achieve by their endurance, their industry, and their intelligence — the same weapons in fact with which they have hitherto defended their national existence against continual aggression. To such a restoration they have every right to aspire, and any scheme conducive to such a result may well awaken the interest not only of the Jewish race and of its well-wishers, but of all those who would fain see a new element of life and prosperity introduced into one of the fairest but most unfortunate provinces of the Turkish Empire. The idea, which seemed at first to be merely the visionary dream of religious enthusiasts, has received of late years a considerable amount of practical support. After laboring here for upwards of a twelvemonth to secure its immediate realization, Mr. Lawrence Oliphant at least succeeded in giving valuable evidence of its feasibility in the "Land of Gilead." Nor has the seed which he has sown fallen on barren ground. The precise reasons of his failure it might be difficult to determine. The Ottoman government, which has always shown marked favor towards the Jews, and which often gave



them the most liberal hospitality when they were outcasts from the rest of Europe, never refused to approve his scheme in principle. But it is possible that it entertained towards it some vague and unconquerable suspicion as coming from a man who was avowedly connected by no ties of race or religion with the community on whose behalf he pleaded. In the East, where charity is always bounded by the narrow limits of a common faith or a common nationality, there must always be considerable difficulty in understanding and appreciating motives of abstract philanthropy. Mr. Oliphant's idea, has, however, been brought forward in a new shape, and the objections which the Porte formerly entertained have been so far overcome that there seems now a reasonable prospect of its speedy realization.

A scheme has been laid before the Turkish government, under the auspices of influential Jews, chief among whom figures Mr. Cazalet. He is supported by many leading Hebrews, both at home and on the Continent, and he commands all the financial facilities required for carrying out the vast undertaking which he patronizes as soon as it has obtained the consent of the sultan. His representative at Constantinople has so far succeeded in pushing it successfully through the various and difficult stages which all proposals emanating from foreigners are required to fulfil. It has even passed unscathed out of the fatal ordeal to which all concessions are subjected by the Tophaneh Commission, deservedly nicknamed "the Undertaker's Commission," in allusion to the funeral rites which it usually performs over every proposal laid before it. The scheme only awaits now the approval of the council of ministers and the *iradé* of the sultan, and both are expected to be given in due course. So little indeed is asked of the Turkish government, and so much is offered, that it seems difficult to suppose that any reasonable objection could be raised. The concessionnaires only ask for grants of government land in any part of Syria at the Porte's own choice, and they offer to spend five millions sterling on settling Jewish colonies upon them and developing the resources and means of communication of the country. The only condition upon which they insist is that the Porte shall allow them full freedom for the construction of all works of public utility which they may think necessary for the benefit of their colonies. This condition is so fair and

so unexceptionable that even the Turkish government can hardly fail to admit it.

How far the realization of the scheme is likely to justify the hopes of its supporters the future alone can tell. But there are many circumstances to justify their sanguine expectations. The condition of Syria itself, which experience has proved to be favorable to similar enterprises; the prosperity of the German colonies there, and even of several smaller Jewish agricultural establishments; the tendency of the Russian Jews, who may be expected to contribute the principal body of immigrants, to adopt agricultural pursuits — are so many factors which point to success. And the results with which success could not fail to be attended are certainly of a nature to justify the attempt, were it even ten times more hazardous than it is, for it would not only be beneficial to an oppressed community, as the *Jewish Chronicle* correctly observed with reference to Mr. Oliphant's scheme, but it would powerfully promote and accelerate the civilization of western Asia — i.e., of a region in which we are and ever must be specially interested.

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From Nature.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES IN JAPAN.

It is now a little more than ten years since Japanese students began to flock in large numbers to the various schools of Europe and America, after the great revolution which completely altered the political, and in many respects the social, organization of the country. Many of these young men travelled and studied at their own expense; but the majority was selected by the principal government departments, and the expenses paid from the imperial funds. For six or seven years the numbers continued without diminution; but soon after the commencement of the Satsuma rebellion in 1877, when the heavy strain on the imperial exchequer caused by the suppression of that outbreak began to be felt, it was decided to economize the public expenditure in various ways, and amongst others by reducing the number of those studying abroad at government expense. The result of this measure, which was forced on the ministers by unfortunate circumstances, was that many Japanese young men who spent some years in the principal educational establishments of western countries, returned to their own land with



a sound training in their respective branches of study. It would not be desirable, even if it were possible, to enter here into the question how far they have fulfilled the hopes with which they were first sent abroad. Many of them have had brilliant careers amongst their foreign fellow-students, and on the whole, we believe they have done as much as any body of English students, similarly placed, could have in the same time; but it is another question whether they are fitted to assume the places held by the foreign professors and instructors in the various educational institutions of the country. It was to this that the government looked when they were first despatched to Europe; but, from a combination of causes, it is doubtful whether the laudable and patriotic desire to be, as far as possible, independent of extraneous assistance, has been so completely fulfilled as was originally anticipated.

One result has undoubtedly attended this great influx of men trained after western methods, namely, the thirst for scientific knowledge of all kinds amongst the educated classes in Japan. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Japanese literature, as an indigenous product, is for the present almost in abeyance. If we examine the monthly catalogue of books for which license to print is granted by the censorate in the Home Department in Tokio, it will be seen that a very large proportion is composed of translations or adaptations of European or American scientific or literary works. Besides translations made at the expense of the public departments, we find private individuals throughout the country utilizing their knowledge of a western language by translating from it, for the benefit of their countrymen. Thus, not to mention innumerable "Lives" of Wellington and Napoleon, or translations of "Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe," and other books of this description, the works of Huxley, Carpenter, Peschel, Darwin, Tyndall, Quatrefages, Lyell, Buckle, Mill, etc., etc., have all been translated or adapted with more or less success for the Japanese reader. Societies, on the European model, have also been formed, and it is with these that we are chiefly concerned at present.

Centuries before the Royal Society of Great Britain was founded men interested in the pursuit of some study or accomplishment in Japan had formed themselves into societies, some of which still exist. Collectors of antiquities, of coins, of the

handwriting of celebrated men of ancient times, met at stated intervals to exhibit and discuss the authenticity of their treasures; *go*-players had their own organization, with branches in all the chief towns throughout the country, and headquarters in the capital, where the leaders met for trials of skill. These latter even had a kind of magazine in which problems for solution were set, and the moves in remarkable games recorded. These meetings generally took place in the evening, at some well-known house of entertainment. There was no formal reading of papers, with discussions afterwards; a member exhibited some new object, related briefly all he knew about it, and asked for any further information that could be afforded by those present. Frequently also these meetings were used for effecting sales or exchanges amongst the members. Some of these old societies still flourish in undiminished vigor, unaffected by the changes which have passed over the country and altered all around them. Amongst these are the *Kō-butsu-sha*, or Antiquarian Society, the Numismatic Society, the Association of *Go*-players, and many of the old assemblies for literary and poetical contests. But the new era has been productive of societies of a more scientific kind, based on the models of learned associations in Europe and America. Founded by students fresh from abroad, they have received the support of men of wealth and eminence, and, judging from the experience of the past few years, they seem in a fair way to attain permanent success.

The most important of these associations is the Geographical Society of Tokio, which now numbers about two hundred members. The subscriptions, which are very small, are largely increased by donations from the wealthy members. It is under the patronage of several of the imperial princes, and among its members are the chief personages of the empire. The Transactions are neatly printed in small pamphlets of about one hundred pages each, and contain much matter which would be valuable even to European geographers. With the exception of China, Japan is the only foreign country having intercourse with Corea. Our information respecting this peninsular kingdom is limited to the imperfect accounts of the Jesuit priests; but the Japanese Geographical Society has already had several interesting and important papers on the subject from its members. The difficulties of the language seriously restrict the circulation of these and other



papers, but we believe the committee are contemplating the publication of translations of their Transactions.

During his too brief stay in Japan as occupant of the chair of zoology in the University of Tokio, Prof. Morse of Salem, Massachusetts, was instrumental in establishing a Biological Society which attracted much attention. It is now being conducted successfully by Prof. Yatabe, a Japanese gentleman educated in the United States.

Another association, which is, we believe, unique among the societies of the world, is the *Kojunsha*, or Society for the Circulation of Knowledge. Its headquarters are at Tokio, but there are branches in every town of importance in the empire. It possesses a secretary and staff of clerks, and a member desiring to obtain information on any subject applies to the secretary. The latter has on his books the names of all the members likely to be able to satisfy the applicant, and immediately transmits the question to them. The answers are forwarded in due course to the inquirer, and should the subject be deemed by the committee of sufficient general importance, the whole is printed in the weekly Journal of the society. The pains which are taken to obtain satisfactory replies to queries are, we can vouch from personal experience, almost incredible. It is not surprising to learn that this society has nearly three thousand members scattered throughout the empire, and even in Europe and America. As a device for bringing together the active and inquiring minds of the country, it is almost unequalled. The subscription, which includes the use of reading-rooms and the numbers of the Journal, is about half-a-crown per month.

The Numismatic Society, to which we have already referred, is also very active. It publishes a periodical describing new and strange coins that have been exhibited at its meetings, and supplies other information interesting to collectors.

We need not refer here to the English and German Asiatic Societies founded in Yokohama and Tokio. They are under the control of foreign residents, their papers are in a foreign tongue, and, although their work has been most valuable, they are outside the scope of the present article. Nor need we give more than a passing reference to the innumerable political societies which have sprung up like mushrooms in all parts of the country during the past few years. If the objects of the promoters of these organizations were less

palpably selfish, and more in accordance with their high-sounding titles, they would be very important instruments in the education of the people.

But we cannot pass over the latest scientific association of Japan. The Seismological Society, as its name indicates, is founded for the purpose of investigating volcanic and earthquake phenomena of all kinds. Japan is particularly well situated for this object. There are numerous active and extinct volcanoes throughout the island. Mild earthquakes are of very frequent occurrence, so that the student has not, on the one hand, to wait months for his subject, as in most parts of Europe, or, on the other, to run for his life when it does come, as in South America. This society was founded chiefly through the energy of its vice-president, Mr. Milne, professor of geology in the Engineering College at Tokio, who has long made seismic phenomena a special study. A Japanese, Mr. Hattori, himself a student of the subject, is president of the association, which numbers many foreigners amongst its members. The central government have throughout taken a warm interest in the success of the society, and have, we believe, placed the telegraph lines at its disposal, and ordered the local officials all over the country to report all occurrences connected with earthquakes and volcanic eruptions in their districts. A few months since, under the auspices of the society, an exhibition of seismological instruments of various kinds — one of them as ancient as A.D. 126 — took place in Tokio. The number of visitors in one day to the rooms was over two thousand, a fact which attests the interest taken in this study by the Japanese. The Transactions of the Society are published in English in the *Japan Gazette* newspaper of Yokohama.

The army, navy, and other professions have their own societies and newspapers, very much as in England. One of the most curious of these class or trade journals is the dancing-girls' paper, containing portraits and biographies of the chief *dansesuses*. We have not advanced so far yet in England as to have an organ-grinders' gazette!

On the whole it must be pronounced that the outlook for the propagation of scientific knowledge in Japan is hopeful; and there seems no reason to fear that science will suffer greatly after the approaching and inevitable departure of all foreign instructors in the country. They will leave behind men who, although pos-



sibly not such efficient teachers, are animated by all the thirst for knowledge that animates the bulk of scientific men in western lands.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
AN ISLAND OF THE LAGOONS.

BURANO is an island lying seven miles to the east of Venice, in that part of the lagoon which is called the *contrade*. The islands stand closer together here, and there is less open space of water and more oozy marsh than can be found at the western end of the lagoon. The Sile and Piave flowed into the sea at this point, and the earth that they brought down with them has formed those innumerable little islets which lie around Burano. On the left-hand side as one leaves Venice, but far away across the plain, stand the Dolomitic Alps, Tofano, Pelmo, and Antelao, above Caprile and Cortina; sharp and clear-cut peaks or long, serrated ridges, sometimes powdered with snow. From the top of the campanile of Torcello that lies hard by Burano one sees that the whole surface of the adjacent marshes is cut into squares by ditches, crossing each other at right angles. These ditches are breeding-beds for fish — *valli*, as they are technically called; and into them the fish are driven in spring to spawn. Here, too, the gentlemen of Venice find excellent wild duck shooting in winter. It is usual to make up a party of three or four guns, and to hire one of the many little huts which stand by the side of these *valli*. The sportsmen have to provision themselves with food and fur cloaks in abundance, for the winter nights are bitterly cold on the water; but the sport is usually good enough to keep them at it for three or four days together.

Burano is a populous place. In this respect it has fared better than its older neighbors Mazzorbo and Torcello. The town took its name from the Porta Boreana or Altino — a city on the mainland, which was ruined by the Huns under Attila. Some of the people of Altino fled for refuge to the little town they had colonized, and left their villas and their pleasant shore, the

Æmula Bajanis Altini littora villis,

forever. The Burano they fled to, however, was not the Burano of to-day, but a place which Constantine Porphyrogenitos calls Burano-on-the-Sea somewhat nearer

the coast than the present town. This name, Burano-on-the-Sea, shows the danger to which the refuge city was exposed. The Buranelli found that the combined currents of the Sile and the Piave were likely to eat away the island they had occupied. They were compelled to petition Mazzorbo for a piece of land, and there they built the modern Burano, owning a kind of dependence on their benefactors. Time has reversed this order. Burano possesses a teeming population of about nine thousand inhabitants. It has annexed its neighbor by a long wooden bridge, built on piles, and rising gradually in the middle to let the boats pass through. Seen from the low seat of a gondola, it stands flat and hard against the sky, with perhaps a figure or two, abnormally large, upon it; like something out of a Japanese landscape, or like the bridge in the willow-pattern plates. Mazzorbo, on the other hand, is an island city that is gone — a *città andata* — with hardly a house upon it except the little wine-shop where the men stop to drink a glass of wine, and moor their boats, piled high with loads of green sea-grass, before the door. From the window of the inn you look across the narrow canal to the red and grey brick wall on the further side. Over the wall hang pomegranates, flushing to crimson ripeness in the autumn, contrasting their rosy cheeks with the dark-green ivy spread like a mantle for them to rest upon. Mazzorbo is all gardens, and the fruit-boats are laden and sent into Venice every morning, where their cargoes are sold under the Palace of the Camerlenghi, close by the Rialto.

Nothing is more curious in this part of the world than the way in which the different islands of the lagoons preserve distinctive types. Burano and Mazzorbo are joined together now; yet it is easy to distinguish the inhabitants of the one from the inhabitants of the other. The natives of Mazzorbo are quiet and gentle, with some of that mild Saturnian sweetness which seems to mingle in the blood of those who deal closely with the earth. They are also singularly beautiful, especially the family at the wine-shop. But four hundred yards away, and you are in another atmosphere of character. The Buranelli are quick, brusque, rough; with something of the saltiness and pungency of the sea on which they live. The streets are noisy and dirty. You will hear plenty of abuse on all sides. The boys are audacious, persistent, and tormenting as flies. The men of Burano have not a good rep-



utation; and probably, if a collision occurs in the small canals of Venice, the gondolier will tell you that the offenders are Buranei, unless he chooses to fasten the blame on those other aquatic scapegoats, the Chiozzotti. This evil repute is hereditary. The Venetian magistrates used to find it difficult to preserve order among the women of Burano, who held their market in Venice, near their landing-place on the Fondamenta Nuova. Nor are the Buranelli beautiful, except for a certain sculpturesque cleanness and litheness of limbs. Meeting them as they row back from the fishing, only a little more clothed than when they came out of the water, ten or twelve boatfuls racing together who should be first to reach Burano, the sculptor would find many suggestions for the moulding of muscles and of thighs in play. Or, again, one may see them, a long line of six or seven men, towing the heavy barges laden with lagoon mud that goes to fertilize the fields round Pordenone. They all bend with a will to the rope; the sunburned legs step together, splashing through the shallow water at the side of the canal. Defined thus, as silhouettes against the clear and pale blue sky, with a foreground of slowly moving water and the solitary trees of the Lidi on either side, the figures of these towing men with the barge behind, sluggishly obeying their pull, recall some scene in Egypt: the slaves of Pharaoh laboring on the Nile. There is something fine and bronze-like in the men of Burano, and they have, to counterbalance their evil repute, the fame of doing more work for less pay than any of the islanders round about. The men are chiefly engaged in fishing and in towing; and the women are not idle, though the noise they make would lead a stranger to think so. The lace trade, for which the town was once famous, shows signs of reviving; and that industry at present occupies a considerable number of families. The specialty of Burano is a kind of lace called *punto in aria*. The sacristan of San Martino has some fine specimens to show the stranger who may be curious on this point; and the priests' robes are worth a visit even by the uninitiated in the mysteries of lace. Altogether Burano is a town which obviously takes care of itself, though the Venetians and other islanders bear it little good will.

The character of the Buranelli is firmer-set enough. But their dialect is softened almost to the melting-point. In their mouths Venetian, the Ionic of the Italian

group of dialects, has been mollified until the ribs of the language, the consonants, are on the verge of disappearing altogether. The men of Burano are greater sinners in this respect than even the natives of Chioggia. They dwell upon the vowels, redoubling and prolonging them, so that their words seem to have no close, but die away in a sort of sigh. For instance, they call their own town Buraà, instead of Buran. The effect is not unpleasant, but is rather too sweet and gripless for our northern ears. One famous Venetian musician took his name from the island of Burano — "brave" Galuppi Baldassare, called the Buranello. There is hardly a pleasanter way of spending a lazy afternoon in Venice than a row to his birthplace; especially if the Friulan Alps be clear and should a sunset glorify the waters on the homeward journey.

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From The Saturday Review.  
THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

THERE are few more interesting ways of passing a morning than to spend it, under proper official guidance, in the general Post Office. Of all government departments, there is none which works with the same smoothness and perfection. The very certainty and regularity with which it discharges its functions tends to make us forget how complicated and how skilfully adapted to its work must be the machinery which performs it. The Gas Company and the Waterworks Company give us frequent and inconvenient reminders in our households of the imperfections of their respective systems; but, when the first movements of righteous indignation are over, we can reflect how difficult must be the task of supplying a city like London with gas and water. The Post Office gives us no trouble; the tax we pay to it is distributed in trifling sums over the whole of the year, does not visit us in the form of a rate, and is of that least vexatious kind which we pay in exact proportion to the work which we ask government to do for us. Even those whose reading has made them more or less familiar with the work done at the general Post Office cannot see the machine in action without a feeling of astonishment at the skill which has gradually carried to such perfection, and is constantly developing, so vast an organization. There is no department in the Post Office and Postal Telegraph Office



which does not repay a visit, though some are of course more impressive or more curious than others. The most striking, perhaps, is the central hall of the Telegraph Office.

In this hall, with the annexed wings, a thousand operators may be seen at work. The ceaseless din of the machines reminds one of the great factories in our northern centres of industry. As an instance of the amount of work which is done in this office, it may be mentioned that one wire only suffices as means of communication with Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, and a second with Newcastle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen. Two hundred words a minute can be transmitted along each of these. Some of the wires, on the "quad-ruplex" system, allow of two messages being sent simultaneously each way. About fifty thousand messages pass daily through the office. Much of the labor of telegraphing from the central office to neighboring points of London—such as Charing Cross or the Houses of Parliament—is done by means of pneumatic tubes, through which bundles of telegrams are sent for distribution in the respective districts. The journey through these tubes from the central office to Charing Cross takes about four minutes. The furthest distance to which the pneumatic system has as yet been carried is the House of Commons. Some of the work of telegraphing is done by automatic machines, Greenwich time being sent in this way to all the great towns throughout the country. Down below, on the lower stories of the same building, are the engines—one for pulping up old messages, and two, each of fifty horse-power, for the pneumatic tubes, one of which pumps while the other exhausts. Here, too, is the battery room, with three miles of shelving and twenty thousand cells. Special knowledge is needed fully to appreciate the skill and ingenuity which the various arrangements in this department display; but no observer can fail to be impressed both with the colossal magnitude of that work which concentrates the business and interests of every part of the country and every quarter of the globe into this one room, as into no other place in the world, and with the precision and fidelity with which the work is performed.

In the postal department there is, perhaps, less to impress a casual observer, unless, indeed, the visit is made at the hour when the general night mails are making up. The organization which is

able to cope with the deluge of letters which pours in upon the office is then seen at its best. But, apart from the amusement of a sensational *coup d'ail*, more is learnt of the working of the system by going round the office in the quieter hours of the day, and tracing the history of a letter from the time it enters to the time it leaves the building. As fast as the letters drop from outside into the receptacles prepared for them, they are carried to the nearest tables, where the process of "facing" is gone through—that is, they are all put with the addresses on the same side, and the right side uppermost. This done, they are carried further to be stamped. The same machine which does the stamping also puts the obliterating mark on the postage-stamp of the letter. Then comes the sorting, which is subdivided into three stages. The first assigns the letter to the railway line which goes to, or nearest to, the town or village to which it is addressed; in the second, all the letters which go by each line are again divided into districts, or groups of towns; in the third, the bag for each place is finally made up. Much of the primary sorting is, in the case of the letters which pass through London from one part of the country to the other, done in the country offices from which they start. When, in the primary sorting, there is any difficulty as to the address, the letter is put into a division above the desk marked "Blind;" it is then handed on for further examination to a fresh set of officials, and then, if they are not able to make anything of it, it is passed on to the Returned Letter Office. The method pursued in the department for foreign correspondence is substantially the same. In the registered letter department the principle is somewhat different. Each letter, from the time when it leaves the hand of the sender to the time when it is delivered into the hand of the receiver, has to be accounted for by a written receipt every time that it passes from one person to another. The system is not an absolute guarantee of safety, as may be seen from the thefts of registered letters which come before the police courts; but the danger of detection in such cases, especially when the theft is repeated, acts as a powerful deterrent. And considering the enormous business done by this department, and the rare cases of theft which occur, the system seems to give all the practical security attainable. It is hard to imagine any other, not involving an inconvenient



amount of trouble and delay, which would be safer for the public. It is curious to see the great pots of molten wax, standing in a row on the desks, with which the sealing in this department is done. Whenever an especially interesting or curious address occurs, whether on a registered letter or not, it is recorded in books provided for the purpose. One may be quoted as an example: "Mr. Paddy O'Rafferty Shaughnessy — The Beautiful Shamrock — Next door to Barney O'Flynn's Whiskey Store — Stratford-on-Avon — In the County of Cork, if ye like Dublin." It may be added that the art of sorting letters, which does not come by nature, is taught in the Post Office itself, where classes of boys may be seen receiving daily instruction in the craft, and practising with dummy letters before their teacher.

The most curious department of the Post Office; and that most fertile in odd and amusing incidents, is the Returned Letter Office, off Moorgate Street. It is here that all letters are sent and opened, the owners of which cannot, for some reason or other, be found. If human ingenuity can discover the writer or the person to whom the letter is addressed, one or the other gets it sooner or later. But in many cases this is impossible, either because the addresses and the headings are wanting, or are illegible, or are erroneous, or else because the parties are dead, or have quitted the neighborhood, leaving behind them no clue to their whereabouts. It is remarkable, considering how illiterate and unintelligent the mass of the people still are, that only one letter in two hundred fails to be duly delivered. Carelessness, too, has almost as much to do as ignorance with the faulty addressing or fastening up of letters. Last year seventy-eight thousand letters containing articles of value passed through this department; and twenty-two thousand articles escaped from the flimsy covers in which they were wrapped. Two-thirds of the letters, the addresses of which cannot be found, are returned to the senders. Each official opens daily from five hundred to six hundred letters; and about three hundred inquiries are answered every day. The opening is done by men, as the contents of the letters opened are often of the most unsavory kind; the re-addressing and returning are done by women. It is found that the women show a capacity for their work equal to that of the men, but that their power of enduring consecutive labor is

by no means the same. Not only does the Returned Letter Office do its work of returning letters as well as it can be done, but the facts which its work discloses have a curious statistical value, as showing the sort of letters and parcels that pass through the post, of which those that are ill addressed afford probably a fair sample. The parcels are marvellous. We find not only every conceivable article which can be found in a pawnbroker's or a haberdasher's shop, but birds, beasts, reptiles, fish, insects, and molluscs. A short time ago a wasp's nest was among the temporary treasures of the department. Shortly before a lizard and a slow-worm (insufficiently directed) found their way to the same office. They had been packed in the same box, and, when opened overnight, appeared to be living in peace and amity. The following morning it was reported, as a remarkable phenomenon, that one of the creatures had vanished from the closed box; on examination it appeared that the lizard had indeed gone from sight, and that the slow-worm was enormously swollen in his digestive parts. On one occasion a number of torn letters were forwarded to the department from a letter-box into which a mouse had been thrown by some playful spirit. It turned out that the mouse had left all of the letters untouched except those which contained postage stamps; but its sense of smell had guided it to all those with stamps in them, and it had bitten through the covers and eaten away at the adhesive gum on the backs of the stamps. It often happens that the parcels which find their way to this department contain ill-smelling objects, such as decayed fruit and flowers, dead birds, stale meat, and rotten oysters. For the comfort of the openers these parcels are sent up from the ground floor to the upper story, where they are examined in an iron lift fitted outside the walls, which halts at the window of the examining room. The parcels can thus be opened and investigated without the offensive smells penetrating into the room itself. Sometimes a slice of paste or of old plum-pudding is found in a letter; why such a thing should be sent at all is a puzzle, till a close examination shows that it contains sovereigns hidden in it with a view to escaping the registration fee. For the same reason sovereigns are often concealed in newspapers. It frequently happens that unaddressed letters, when opened, are found to contain cheques, sometimes to a very large amount. These it is of course easy to



return, through the banker, to their owners. But, with the best will in the world, the department is left with a mass of articles of every conceivable kind on its hands, which at intervals of three months are sold by auction. Among these are empty, unaddressed purses, which are constantly found in letter-boxes, put there by thieves who have transferred the contents to their own pockets. House-keys are also frequently found in the same places, dropped into them by tenants who have left their houses without paying the landlord his rent. Sometimes, however, they politely attach a label to the key, with the name and address of the landlord, thus signifying to him that he may look out for another and more solvent occupier. From the old name of the Dead Letter Office a popular belief arose that all inquiries as to persons dead or missing, or as to soldiers or sailors who have not been heard of by their friends, should be made there.

Some of the misdirections of letters are very curious. One to "Owl O'Neill" was for a long time a source of much perplexity, till at length some quick-eared official, caught by a certain similarity of sound, suggested, as it proved correctly, that it was meant for "Rowland Hill," the writer having apparently often heard the word pronounced, but never seen it written. A telegram is sent to "Capt. Troller," which turns out to be intended for the "Controller" of the department. A letter is sent to some person who cannot be found, signed "Rank and File;" a young clerk in the office, new to his work, takes this to be the name of a firm, and readdresses it "Messrs. Rank and File." Another is addressed:—

Private Jones,

Nemo me impune lacessit,

the motto of the regiment being taken to be part of the address. A medical certificate is among the treasures of the department, worded as follows: "This is to certify that I attended Mrs. — in her last illness, and that she died in consequence thereof." Singular answers to advertisements as to the boarding-out or adoption of children occur—e.g.: "Allow me to state that I am not a lady, but that the father of the child is a perfect gentleman;" and, again, "I am sorry to say that I am a young person, and that I have a dear little boy." An envelope containing a pair of spectacles is sent, apparently by a servant girl in London, to "My dear Father in Yorkshire, in the

white house with green palings." There is a letter by a mad person, summoning a friend to appear on a certain day for judgment in the next world, whence the letter is dated. A woman writes to say that the foot-and-mouth disease is caused by the prevalent practice of burying people alive, and signs herself by her "professional name" of "Anna the Prophetess" and by her "general name" of "Miss R—." The attention of the department is particularly called by the Prophetess to this baleful custom. She ejaculates, with as much truth as fervor, "What an *awefull* position to be placed in!" A man in Cheshire writes a letter to the coroner and jury who are going to hold an inquest on him after he has committed suicide. It is full of bitter complaints against his friends. Either, however, his courage failed him, or he came to take a more cheerful view of life; for he did not commit suicide, after all; and thus the letter reached the Returned Letter Office, and not the Cheshire coroner. There are two classes of persons, one of whom always get the letters written to them, and the other of whom always get returned to them the letters which do not reach those to whom they were written. The first consist of people of title, whose addresses are always to be found in the red-book, and the second of those people, generally men of business, whose name and address are stamped on their envelopes. These, indeed, get their letters back unopened, and not even the officials of the department are initiated into their secrets.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### THE MALARIA OF THE ROMAN HILLS.

THERE is an article in the October number of the *Practitioner* which is of wider than medical importance, and deserves to be read by all who take interest not only in questions of public health but in Roman antiquities. At first sight the connection between the two subjects is not obvious: the link is that fatal and mysterious disease which is vaguely associated in our minds with the Campagna and the shores of the Mediterranean generally—malaria. Researches recently made in Italy to discover the true nature of this disease and the causes to which it is due have established certain primary conditions under which the germs—the *Bacilli malarie*—are generated. These are (1) a temperature of about twenty de-



grees centigrade; (2) a moderate degree of permanent humidity; and (3) the direct action of the air upon all parts of the mass. "The absence of any one of these three conditions," says Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, the writer of the able paper in question, "is sufficient to arrest or render impossible the development and multiplication of this organism." The bearing of these first principles, and their relation to previous ideas on the subject of the disease, are amply worked out and illustrated by the writer. It might seem that the second condition at least might at once be put out of court by efficient drainage; and no doubt if the theory hitherto held, that malaria is prevalent only in low, marshy ground, were true this would be comparatively simple. But Professor Tommasi-Crudeli shows clearly that this "paludine" theory is no longer tenable. The natural conditions of the Roman Campagna appear to have been misunderstood. It is commonly supposed to be for the most part a plain, but as a fact four-fifths of it are composed of hills rising gradually to the volcanic mountains of the Sabatine system on the north and of the Latian system on the south. It is not enough, then, to drain the valley, for malaria is as prevalent on these hills as on the lower ground. Accordingly, if the three propositions stated above are true, there must be permanent humidity in the subsoil of these hills. And it is so. We are told that from the lake basins formed by extinct craters in the Sabatine and Latian Mountains there is a constant filtration into the subjacent districts of the Campagna, so that a subterranean sheet of water is formed and descends to the river valleys, where part of it finds an outlet, but far the greater part remains permanently imprisoned beneath the soil, and supplies one of the conditions for the generation of the *Bacilli malarie*.

Now comes in the antiquarian side of the question. We know that malaria existed in this territory at a remote antiquity, but we know also that these hills were occupied before the Roman conquest by a numerous and prosperous population, and afterwards became a pleasure-ground, studded with villas, which were inhabited

in summer during the first centuries of the empire. It is clear, then, that the inhabitants must have found some means of suspending or modifying during this long series of ages the development and multiplication of malarial germs, not only in the soil of the valleys, but also in the much more extended ground of the Roman hills. The solution of this problem has come ready to hand. For some time past small tunnels of about five feet in height by two feet broad have been noticed cutting through the hills, of which the principal mass is volcanic tufa. Hitherto these have been regarded as conduits for drinking-water. It is now certain that they form part of a vast system of drainage for the removal of the water from the hills. After a detailed account of their construction, Professor Tommasi-Crudeli proceeds to consider their probable date and the possible explanations of the silence of ancient authorities. He gives grounds for the belief that the system was known and applied before Roman times. The only admissible explanation, in his opinion, of the silence of Roman writers on agriculture, is that the works were so universally known that it was not worth while to refer to them. This is certainly easier to understand than their entire ignorance of the existence of such a network beneath their very feet. It does not seem certain from present data whether this drainage system was first begun for purposes of hygiene or of agriculture. But even if the latter end only were in view the continual emission of water from the hills must have gradually diminished the dampness of the soil which covers them, and so have restricted the production of malaria. In any case, the discovery of a connection between the tunnels and the prevention of malaria is of the first importance, not only archæologically, as a proof of the unrivalled practical genius, if not of the Romans, then — more interesting still — of their predecessors in the country, but also from a sanitary point of view, as a voice from the past showing that what checked this fatal disease in ancient days may with our improved methods be used with still greater effect at the present time.